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OLD BILL'S LITTLE BROTHER.

LIT. PRIZE STORY. JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, ILLINOIS.

WHAT was the matter with Old Bill? He had not spoken for as much as ten minutes, and even when I called to him, he kept on pulling the oars in silence. Surely something was the matter.

He made a quaint picture there in the light of the sinking sun; his white beard waving in the breeze, like the loose canvas of the schooner coming about out there in the channel, and his long brown arms taking that peculiar "Old Fisherman's Stroke," as regular as clock-work. We were nearing the two small rocks that lay off Cadot's reef. So low were they that the three or four rumpleberry bushes growing on them seemed to be floating on the water.

What could be the matter with Captain William McIntyre, usually the biggest liar on the South Shore? Did he have an unusually severe twinge of rheumatism? No,

the customary profanity was lacking. Was he fearing nasty weather? No, it couldn't be that, for though nor'easters come up very suddenly in the straits, yet we were too near shore to fear anything in that respect.

I was about to inquire into the mystery, when Old Bill, without lifting his eyes from the bottom of the boat, said—and I thought there was just a bit of tremble in his voice—“Would ye jest ez soon do without paintin' yer picture this evenin', sir? I ain't a feelin' well,” and without waiting for my answer, as was always his way, he put about for shore, which lay a quarter of a mile away.

Now, I inwardly rebelled against this summary shattering of my plans, for I had several times wanted to go out to the Flat-iron rocks, but had always been put off with one of Bill's excuses. On the larger Flat-iron there is room to put an easel, and I wanted to make a sketch from that spot just after sunset, with the light-house in the foreground and the bright horizon in low relief. This was my last day at Marquette Bay, and now, just as we were within a stone's-throw of the rocks we must put about, all on account of the whim that an old tyrant of a light-house keeper chose to air!

I had half a mind to order him to head about again,—it would be a new experience for both of us, my commanding *him*. And then suddenly I noticed his silence, and wondered that he had not spoken since we turned. But knowing Old Bill's peculiarities, I humored his mood, and a few minutes more found us pulling alongside the shore towards the dock.

The light-house is not on the end of the point, but about a hundred yards back. We landed in silence, without Old Bill's usual prediction of the next day's weather, and beached the boat without his customary “All together, lads—pull!”

It was not until after our supper of white-fish that he seemed to be waking from his pre-occupation. The two

"lads," the only other occupants of the light-house, were aloft fixing the light.

Bill began by looking around nervously. I never saw him smoke so fast. He seemed to be trying to hide his head in smoke. Presently he got up, pulled down the curtains and threw more wood on the wide-open fire, making the cabin "ship-shape," as he would say. Then he sat down and refilled his pipe, holding the match in his hand without striking it, as though waiting for some one to tell him what to do next.

Noting his uneasiness, I ventured, "Well, let her go. What's your yarn?"

The wind outside was blowing in that quiet manner so suggestive of reserved force; the dark, smoky rafters, upon which the fire shone, made a shadowy background for the bronzed face, surrounded by its white hair and beard.

The first thing he said startled me at first, and then brought me back to the naturalness of the situation: "Kin ye keep yer mouth shet?" and he lit his pipe while waiting for my answer.

I tried to assure him that I could, and often had done so.

He smoked in silence for a few moments, and then addressing the fire, began, or rather seemed to be continuing aloud something he had been going over to himself:

Then Artie, he went out to the shed to get the pails, an' I went down to bail the yawl. Then we shoved out an' headed fer the Flat-irons, me a-pullin' an' Artie a-settin' at the tiller, the breezes a-pickin' up his yellar curls an' a-lettin' 'em down again, gentle-like, as if they was too nice fer 'em to play with.

I was a feelin' good with the sun a-shinin' on me, an' was a-singin', "Bos'n Brave am I," but Artie he looked troubled-like, an' right quick he says to me, "Willie"—all the other lads called me jest "Bill," 'ceptin' only him; he called me "Willie," and that 'cause the mother did—"Willie," says he, "I aint asked the mother if I could go."

"Shet up," says I, an' I reck'n I swore some; "do ye want ter go round all the time lashed to yer ma like Bill Simmon's body were to the foremast o' the Jennie King last winter?"

That made him shiver a bit, an' then he says, sort o' big-like, "Naw, I ain't a carin' any, Willie, but I didn't know but how she might want me to help carry up ile." With that he jines in the chorus o' the "Bos'n Brave," and brings the yawl up on the lee side o' the little Flat-iron ez purty ez any pilot on the lakes. Then out he jumps with one o' the pails, singin' out like the mates, "Throw out yer head-line,"—meanin' the painter in the bow, instead o' which I eases off and says fer him to pick rumples there—I were a-goin' to the big Flat-iron, an' I pulls back to it, which, o' course, we passed goin' out, they bein' nigh onto thirty yards apart.

"Willie," he says.

"What?" says I.

"Willie, take me over to yer rock; please do, Willie."

"What fer?" I says, awful cross-like, knowin' he was a-feared to be there alone.

"Nothin'," says he, standin' up straight, like he'd seen father do when he was a-talkin' to the Gov'ment inspectors,—"only Bill, do ye think they be ez big ones here ez where you be?"

I didn't answer him. "It 'll make him brave," I says to myself, feelin' sorry fer the little chap, I bein' five years older'n him.

Soon I was a-pickin' rumples fer all I was worth, an' a-reck'nin' how much we ought'er get fer 'em in the winter when they was dry, an' not a-thinkin' o' little Art, 'cept now an' then when he'd sing out a bit o' "Bos'n Brave."

After while Artie sings out, "Willie, the breeze is fresh-nin' up a bit." Then I looks up. The wind hed come up hard, from the nor'east too, an' there was Artie a-hangin' onto the bushes, with his feet a-gettin' wet up to the shins

at every sea, an' the wind a-blowin' his curls as if they was jealous an' was a-tryin' to tear 'em away. He smiled when he saw me a-lookin', an' says sort o' chirp-like, "Reck'n I'll hev ter wear dad's slippers to-night, Willie!"

"Why didn't ye tell me before?" I yells out.

"Gee, Bill," he says, ez he'd heerd the other lads talk, "I ain't no baby; I don't mind it none!" But his teeth were a-chatterin' with cold all the same.

Then I sings out in a jokin' way, so's he couldn't be scared, "Hold on a minute longer an' we'll be there with the life-boat," ez I heerd 'em sing out when the Jennie King went to pieces; an' Art he laughed ez if he thought it was a good joke.

With that I steps 'round an' reaches for the painter which I had wrapped 'round a bush. I ain't once since that time forgot that second when I found out that the yawl was gone. The wind had bent down the bush and let her slip off. There she was, a-drivin' along in the outer bay as if she was afeard we'd catch her.

Artie he'd seen her too. "All right," he says, with the tears in his purty blue eyes. "It weren't yer fault, Willie," ez cool ez if we were in the boat and I had splashed a little water on him.

But the wind she kept a-growin' stronger an' stronger, a reg'lar nor'easter—the first one that fall. Sometimes the waves would splash all over poor little Art, a-wettin' his purty curls which I'd seen the mother comb out in the mornin'.

An' there we was, thirty yards o' bilin' water betwixt me an' him an' a good quarter mile betwixt us an' shore. I was a purty good swimmer in them days fer a boy o' sixteen, but it wasn't no sense tryin' to live in that there water. I begun ter yell fer help, an' told Art to yell too, but we knowed it wasn't no use, an' we soon quit.

Purty soon it got so's a sea once in awhile would wash over the big rock where I was. Artie was all covered up

every now an' then, an' I could hear him sing out between the waves, "That's all right, Willie—you tell Ma it were my fault—'cause I wanted t' stay here alone.—Honest I did, Willie. Promise you will—Willie."

Then I could hear him a-sayin' his prayers, the same ez he said on the mother's knee—"O God, bless father an' mother an' Willie an' Artie, an' keep any vessels from wreckin' on the reef, fer Jesus' sake, amen." An' then oh how I prayed!—not what I used to pray when I was little like Art, but somethin' I made up then. I prayed that Art might be saved. Then I prayed that I might drown in his place. Then I prayed that he mightn't any how go down in front o' my eyes. Then I prayed fer the folks to come from the house with the life-boat, fer it was still light enough fer 'em to see us if they was aloft.

An' then things begun to get sort o' dark, and once I thought Art let go, an' I was a-goin' to let go myself, but then he got a hold again.

But nobody come an' it were gettin' mighty cold. All on a sudd'n I heard Artie's light, little voice: "Willie, I guess I can't hold out—much longer—I'm too tired—it's too cold here.—You know I aint strong like you, Willie.—Tell ma not ter mind; I don't.—Be a good boy, Willie.—Good."

Then I got wild. I cussed God. I said there weren't no God. I dared him to knock me off the rock, if he could. But the next minute I was a-prayin' that Artie was still a-hangin' on.

Just then I saw some little yellar curls lifted on the waves. It was too dark to see any more—only a skiff's length from my rock. Then I shut my eyes an' hung on to the roots of the bushes.

It seemed like a couple o' nights passed, an' all the time I could hear Artie a-cryin': "Willie, take me over to yer rock; please do, Willie! *Please* do, Willie!" An' I thought o' how he was allays delicate-like, an' not like the other lads, an' how I often use ter say ter him ter go home

an' not ter foller me around; an' how he didn't use ter say nothin' back, but jest walk home slow. An' then I thought how it was all my fault, 'cause I made him stay on the small rock all by hisself, an' how he tried to keep brave.

Then I reck'n I must a-went crazy, 'cause I thought I was in hell, an' ez each sea hit me, I thought it was a flame o' fire a-burnin' right through me, an' the howlin' o' the wind I thought was the devil sayin', "You're a murderer. You've kilt yer little brother!"

Then I saw, over my back, somethin' I thought was a big red eye. It got nigher and nigher, till I could see the light of it shine on the rumpleberry bushes which were a-wavin' in the wind ez if nothin' was happenin'. Then I heerd some one yell out: "Is that you, Bill?" Then somethin' struck me on the leg, an' I held tight on to the bushes, an' I heerd a voice, which sounded mighty like father's, sing out: "Bill, where's Art?" Then I reached around an' saw the thing thet hit me was the life-buoy, an' I crawled in, an' they pulled me into the life-boat.

The old man stopped talking, but kept his gaze on the now smouldering embers, and kept pulling on the cold pipe.

I stole out of the cabin and went up to my bed-room, and, as I went through the hallway, I noticed that the wind outside was freshening up a little.

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

SLEEPING.

GATHER thy brightness, O Sun,
Glory on glory up-heaping
Over the low, grassy mound,
There where my darling lies sleeping.

Breathe, O ye winds, the perfumes
Of the orange-groved South in thy keeping,
Leave all their fragrance to cling
There where my darling lies sleeping.

Come with thy tear-drops, O rain,
Though canst but image my weeping.
Comfort the roses that mourn
There where my darling lies sleeping.

Snow-mantled winter, descend
As down from the Pole thou art sweeping,
Spread a white, glittering shroud
There where my darling lies sleeping.

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

PROMINENT in that remarkable coterie of genius gathered at Nassau Hall in the closing years of the last century, stands Philip Freneau, the patriot poet of the Revolution.

He came from a fine old Huguenot family who, on account of the oppression of Louis XIV, had emigrated from France to New York, where they had already lived for three generations when (in 1752) Philip was born.

Entering college at the age of fifteen, his ready wit, vigorous mind and active body soon made him a leader in undergraduate affairs; and we may be sure that, if not the originator, he was one of the chief figures in a quaint expression of student patriotism thus described by his room-mate, Madison:

"That base letter from the merchants of New York to those of Philadelphia, entreating a return to their allegiance, was lately burnt by the students of this place in the college yard, all in their black gowns, and the bell tolling."

In his Sophomore year appeared "The Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah," the first of sixteen poems written while at college. It bears, of course, the marks of youth and inexperience, but at the same time shows promise of the graceful description and vigorous handling which mark his later pieces.

All these poems indeed, though not equal in literary merit to those he afterwards wrote, are of special interest to the Princeton student, for they treat of subjects still discussed among us.

Who cannot sympathize with the poet when he ejaculates, in "The Debtor's Soliloquy":

"O credit, credit, what a cheat art thou!
I paid no cash, but pay-day came at last!"

Many of us still appreciate the force of that line from "The Deserted Academy":

"And some in logic seek repose."

And we heartily join in the feeling of regret at separation from near and dear companions expressed in "The Parting Glass," though

"The nymph who boasts no borrowed charms,
Whose sprightly wit my journey warms,"

has, perhaps, since his time, fled from the shadows of Old Nassau's elms.

Freneau had always been an active member of "The Plain Dealing Club," and when "The American Whig Society" was founded, in 1769, he became one of its charter members, lending the aid of his keen satire to the warfare in which, in 1770, the rival societies, Whig and Clio, became engaged.

He figured prominently in the graduating exercises of his class, as is shown by the following curious record, still preserved:

"At Three o'clock the Audience reassembled. After singing by the students, an English Forensic Dispute ensued on this Question: 'Does Ancient Poetry Excel the Modern.' The Respondent Mr. Freneau being necessarily absent, his

arguments in Favor of the Ancients were read to the Assembly. Mr. Williamson answered him supporting the Moderns, and Mr. McKnight replied. A poem on the 'Rising Glory of America' written by Mr. Freneau was spoken by Mr. Brackenridge and received with great Applause by the Audience.

* * * * *

"The Speakers performed their several Parts with Spirit Ingenuity and Address, and met with the highest Approbation and Applause from a numerous, Polite and Discriminating Audience."

Freneau's absence is accounted for by the illness of his friend Madison, whom he was doubtless caring for at the time. His writings were none the less a success, however, and the poem particularly, written in blank verse, shows unmistakable signs of his vigorous personality and versatility of expression, and is imbued with that strong note of independence which attained so full a vigor in his later pieces. I quote the closing lines:

" Nature's loud storms be hushed and seas no more
Rage hostile to mankind, and worse than all,
The fiercer passions of the human breast
Shall kindle up to deed of death no more,
But all subside in universal peace.
* * * * * Such day the world,
And such America thou first shall have,
When ages yet to come have run their course,
And future years of bliss alone remain."

During the Revolution, Freneau was confined for several months in the British prison-ship *Scorpion*, and describes his sufferings in one of his most characteristic poems, "Canto's from a British Prison-ship." Here we find his keen wit and power of satire displayed in the character of the Hessian Doctor, and the graceful descriptions of the scenery on shore are powerfully contrasted with the misery of the captives.

Most of his poems have some such political connection, and were, at the time of their publication, exceedingly popular, the correspondence between Nanny and Nabby, on the removal of Congress from New York to Philadelphia being favorably compared by the critics to Moore's celebrated epistles in verse.

They have, however, to a large extent, lost their interest, as the men and subjects satirized have passed into forgetfulness, and his descriptive poems, elegies and imitations form the true basis of his fame. For a man who figured so prominently in the political activity of his time, his appreciation of the grand and beautiful in nature is remarkable.

In 1776 he visited the West Indies and produced "The House of Night" and "The Beauties of Santa Cruz," describing the splendor of the tropics—his best, most finished pieces.

In this line he was known and admired not only by his own countrymen, but by the literary men of England as well. Jeffrey, the remorseless Scotch reviewer, has only the highest praise to yield him. Walter Scott, in the introduction to Marmion, Canto III, has made use of a line from Freneau, and Campbell has incorporated one from "The Indian Burying Ground" into "O'Connor's Child." I quote the whole of Freneau's graceful stanza:

"By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—a shade."

The secret of Freneau's greatness lies in his vigorous personality. He refused to follow the stilted school of Pope so long relied on and imitated, thought his own thoughts and expressed his ideas in his own way. Crudeness, of course, was the result, but beneath this exterior awkwardness we find the varied genius of a true poet; one

who not only did much for literature in his own day, but made it possible for his successors to do more.

ALONZO CHURCH.

THE PRIDE AND PUNISHMENT OF NIOBE.*

THE Theban dames are offering sacrifice
 In praise to Leto and her children two.
 Binding their brows with laurel crowns, they pray,
 And offer incense up on holy fires.
 Who comes this way, all gay-bedecked, with gold
 Inwoven in her robes, while flashing wrath
 Gleams through the queenly beauty of her eyes?
 See! how, with angry toss of that fair head,
 She flings her golden hair from side to side!
 She stops, and those proud eyes are raised on high
 With angry imprecation, "Foolish ones!
 What folly thus to worship fabled gods
 In preference to those before your eyes.
 Or why should Leto worshiped be with fires,
 Whereas no incense burns to honor me?
 Me, Niobe! ('twas she) whose noble sire
 Was Tantalus, than whom no other man
 E'er sat at meat with great Olympian gods.
 A Pleiad mother brought me into life;
 Great Atlas, the earth-bearer, was her sire;
 My father's father is high-thundering Jove,
 Me Phrygian nations fear. I rule as queen
 O'er Cadmus' royal realm; the town whose walls
 My husband's music wrought is awayed by us
 Conjointly. Wealth beyond belief is mine;
 I far surpass most goddesses in form.
 A further claim to honor are my sons
 And daughters,—seven each,—a goodly throng.
 Ask now, forsooth, what cause of pride I have!
 To think of Leto, Cœus' child, preferred
 To me! She whom earth granted not a place
 Wherein to die! A pretty goddess she!
 Whom earth, nor sky, nor sea would deign to have.
 An exile she on earth till Delos said,
 "A wanderer thou on earth as I at sea,"

* Ovid's *Metam.*, Book VI.

And gave her restless resting-place, where she
Bore twins,—the seventh part of my fair flock.

"Cared by fortune, happy, I: let him
Who can, deny it. Wealth my lot ensures.
I am too great to dread the petty snares
Of Fortune, ever faithless to her friends.
Though much were taken, still would much remain,
So sure is my position beyond fear.
E'en though some should be stolen from my brood
Of goodly children, yet should I have more
Than only two, as proud Latona has.
Sure, she is not so far from being barren.
But come! Enough of silly sacrifice!
Lay now aside these laurels from your brows!"
Her stern command is outwardly obeyed,
Though Leto has their silent heart-felt praise.

The wrathful goddess flushed with ire, and straight,
On Cynthus height, she thus her twins addressed:

"Behold how I, your mother, am despised!
Though rendered by your birth the queenly peer
Of any goddess of them all, save one,
Yet my divinity is cast in doubt.
My right to altar-worship through the years
Of all the coming ages is denied,
Except that ye, my children, give your aid.
Nor have I yet told all. To wicked deeds
Are added insults. Tantalus' bold child,
Doth name her offspring your superiors,
And dares to call me barren. Oh, that ye
Would make her rue a tongue too like her sire's!"
She would have added more, but Phœbus said,
"Enough! a longer plaint would but delay
Due punishment." Thus, too, his sister. Straight,
With winged flight, adown to earth they wend,
Clothed all in mists, to Cadmus' citadel.

About the walls stretched wide an open plain,
Much worn by bounding hoofs and chariot wheels.
There found they some of Amphion's stout sons,
Astride their steeds, with Tyrian trappings brave,
And reins inlaid with gold. Of these the chief,
Young Ismenos, his mother's pride, first-born,
Was guiding skilfully a stormy steed,
While bit, and spur, and rein his madness curbed.
E'en while he strives to turn his horse's head,
He reels, and from his helpless hands the reins

Drop down; a cruel shaft fixed in his breast,
He slowly from the saddle sideways slips.

Again the empty air gives forth the sound
Of twanging bow-string. Sipylus lets go
His reins; as when a pilot on some bark,
Foreknowing rain, has seen a cloud, and draws
His flapping sails more taut, so that the breeze
May not be lost. So Sipylus. A shaft
Sticks trembling in his neck, and from his throat
The cruel steel protrudes. He, falling flat,
With flowing hair rolls o'er and o'er, as fast
As, galloping, his gallant steed could go,
And dyed the darkened ground with gelid gore.

Two other brothers, hapless Phædimus,
And Tantalus, named from his mother's sire,
When as they ceased their wonted daily toil,
For pleasure's sake the youthful toil began
Of wrestling. Breast to breast, in closest grip
Entwined, they scarce commenced before a bolt,
Impelled from tight-drawn bow, transfixes both.
One groan escapes them both; one moment sees
Them both, with anguish writhing, sink to earth;
Both at the self-same moment raise their eyes
To heaven; together flee two souls at once.

Alphenor sees them, wildly beats his breast,
And runs to aid them to untwine their limbs,
Fast growing cold in stiffening embrace.
But, tenderly performing love's last act,
He falls, shot through the breast by Delian shaft,
And, when he strives to draw the weapon forth,
The cruel barbs tear out his lungs; his blood
Pours out, and with the effort flies his soul.

Unshaven Damasichthon, wounded deep,
Is struck where sinews twine about the knee,
And, as he strives to draw the deadly steel,
A second arrow strikes with fearful force
Quite through his neck. He leaps but once, and dies.

And now young Ilioneus alone still lives.
He lifts his arms in unavailing prayer,
"Oh! spare me, all ye gods!" he cries aloud,
Not knowing whom he must propitiate.
Apollo, when it was too late, was touched,—
Too late,—but yet he dealt an easier blow,
Nor did the barb go deep into his heart.

Their wretched mother soon heard all this woe;

She saw the people's grief, the tears of friends,
And wondered wrathfully how any god
Had dared so much, or had sufficient power.
For Amphion, her spouse, shot through the breast,
In death had ended life and grief at once.

Alas! how changed this Niobe from her
Who lately bade her subjects leave the fires
Alight in Leto's praise, and proudly walked
Back through the city, with her head erect,
While all her friends were envious of that pride,—
Now, rather, fit for pity e'en from foes.
Their corpses cold she kisses, bending low,
And, stretched upon them, kisses each again
Unconsciously, and, crazed with grief and rage,
Lifts up her hands, and, piteous, wails aloud,
"Glut well thy wrath with all our awful pain,
Latona; satisfy thy cruel breast.
Revenge is sweet; fill full thy steel-bound heart
With gloating over seven manly dead.
Thou may'st exult victorious by this deed—
Yet thou art not victorious! for I ween
That I, though cursed, am yet more blest than thou.
Though seven be dead, I still have more than two!"

She ceased, and sounded near the threatening clang
Of tight-drawn bow-string. Niobe alone,
Grown bold through crime, of all near by remained
Untouched by fear. In mourning robes around
Stood seven sisters by their brothers' biers;
And one was sadly drawing forth the steel
From out her brother's side, when paled her face,
And forward dead she fell. Another child,
Attempting to assuage her mother's grief,
Stopped silent suddenly and bowed her head.
So deep her wound that scarce she closed her lips
Before her soul had fled. A third in vain
Attempts to flee, but, dying, drops to earth.
Upon her corpse another child falls dead.

Thus six are slain with many horrid wounds:
The youngest still her mother shields from harm
In close embrace, and ever winds her robes
About her darling. "Spare my youngest child!
I ask but one," she moans, "and that the least."
E'en while she prayed, the child for whom she prayed
Lay dead. Bereaved of all, she sank to earth
Amid the lifeless bodies of her sons,

Her daughters, and her husband; there she sat,
Made cold and stiff by woe. Nor could the breeze
Disturb a single hair; while in her face
No color showed, and motionless her eyes
In sunken cheeks; no sign of life she showed.
Her very tongue cleaves to her frozen lips;
Her pulses cease to beat; her neck grows stiff;
Nor can she ever stir or hand or foot,
But to the core is turned to solid stone.
Yet weeps she evermore, where, wrapped in storms,
She has been wafted to her fatherland.
There, firmly fixed upon a lofty peak,
Fretting away her soul with woe, she sits,
And even now the stone is stained with tears.

JAMES WESTERVELT.

**ETCHING—THE BIG GERMAN, THE LITTLE FRENCH-
MAN AND THE YANKEE.**

WHEN the "City of Paris" first steamed away from the shore, Wilhelmina became very sick, and did not leave her cabin for several days.

When she first started for the deck, the salt air felt delightful, and she went along the passage-way at almost a run, and turning sharply, ran plump into a big, burly, bearded man, who unmistakably said, "Ach! Der Teufel!" and held on to the side-rail in some alarm. Wilhelmina begged his pardon and went up the steps slowly. As her head emerged from below, the first puff of the strong sea-wind tore her light wrap from her shoulders and sent it rolling across the deck. A little dark man, with the whitest of white teeth, and the quickest of quick motions, captured it, and brought it to her with a smile. She thanked him, and he protested with a shrug.

Wilhelmina walked over to the windward and was about to lean over the rail, when a tall, angular man touched her elbow and observed, "Excuse me, Miss, but the spray flies thick there and you'll get wet." This attention pleased

Wilhelmina, and she thanked him, especially as a few drops had already splashed in her face.

Just then the captain, whose business it is to make everybody acquainted with everybody else, introduced the pair, and soon they were talking animatedly together. When she went down to dinner, he held her hand rather longer than was necessary, as she came down the ladder.

At dinner Wilhelmina found on her right the captain, and on her left the big man she had collided with that morning. Of course they had to talk, for how could Wilhelmina receive the careful and polite attentions of the big man without murmured thanks? Or how could she reply in monosyllables to the bright, gay chat he poured into her ear? After dinner, the big man took her on deck, and went and brought her the latest novels and magazines.

She had hardly had time to grow tired of them when the little dark man, who had saved her shawl, walked up and seating himself on an empty stool, began to make himself so agreeable that Wilhelmina could not help being pleased. It was almost time for lunch when he left her, and he even walked with her almost to the door of her state-room.

After the meal, three men found themselves in the smoking parlor. One was a Yankee with a big cigar, one was a little Frenchman rolling a cigarette, and lastly, was a big German puffing an enormous meerschaum.

"Nice ship, this," said the Yankee, reflectively.

"So! And nice persons too," said the German.

"Right you are," said the Yankee. Now, for illustration, this morning I met the finest young woman I've seen for a long while."

"Eh?" said the German. "So, too, did I. A handsome one too. It was after dinner that I talked with her."

"And I!" said the little Frenchman, excitedly, walking up and down. "Ah, messieurs,—I swear to you—the sweetest, the loveliest of mesdemoiselles. Ah, I already worship her! And it was this evening I have only spoken with her!"

"And further," said the Yankee, "just this minute, there is the young woman I meant;" and he pointed to the door. All three turned. A trim figure was walking across the inner cabin, just outside.

It was Wilhelmina.

"Sacr-e-e-e!" said the little Frenchman.

"Donner Vetter!" said the big German.

What the Yankee said is not recorded.

But they all glared at each other.

Then the Yankee threw away his cigar, the little Frenchman swallowed part of his cigarette, and the big German put his pipe in his coat-tail pocket. Then they left the cabin.

The evening was bright and star-lit, and Wilhelmina was seated on deck enjoying it, when the Yankee strolled up and sat beside her. A moment later, clearly by accident, the little Frenchman came and sat on the other side, and finally, the big German,—for heavy bodies move slowly,—with a very suffused face, sat down hard on a stool in front. Then they fell to talking—the Frenchman, of Paris; the German, of the Rhine.

"Yes," said Wilhelmina, "I love them both. My mother was a German, and my father came from Paris."

"Und kanst du Deutsche sprechen?" cried the big German, excitedly, forgetting all about the polite form.

"Jah," said Wilhelmina.

"Mon Dieu! Parlez-vous Français?" cried the little Frenchman, gesticulating wildly.

"Oui," said Wilhelmina.

"Not to mention English!" said the Yankee.

"Yes," said Wilhelmina, "I have lived in America all my life."

Then there was such a polyglot babel for a few moments that she closed her ears in dismay.

"Tousand Teufels!" (from the German).

"Sacre Bleu!" (from the Frenchman).

"Blame Idiots!" (from the Yankee).

"Wait a minute," said the German. He took three pennies out of his pocket. "Let us toss," he said. "Two will be alike. The one who has the odd one will talk, and the other two will listen. Are you agreed?"

"Yes," said they both.

He tossed his coin, but so awkwardly that it fell on Wilhelmina's lap and struck edge down in a fold of her dress. The Frenchman's rolled across the deck, and vanished over the side. The Yankee's fell squarely "heads." The Yankee was jubilant, the little Frenchman in despair, and the German looked dubious.

Wilhelmina laughed, and put the coin that lay on her lap into her pocket. "I am going to keep this as a remembrance, and now we will have no more nonsense," she said. "We will talk English, for we all understand that."

So they talked English, but the big German glared at the Yankee until he remembered that Wilhelmina had his coin in her pocket.

Now the days went by, and Wilhelmina did not fall overboard. She often stood and looked over the rail, and, on such occasions, the big German, the little Frenchman and the Yankee stood in a group behind her. Wilhelmina knew that they were all hoping she would fall over, but she didn't. The little Frenchman couldn't swim, and, moreover, he hated the water, but that didn't matter; he thought he could do something when the time came.

But Wilhelmina stayed on board, and nothing—not even a fire below—happened. But the night before the "City of Paris" came into port, something *did* happen.

Wilhelmina was sitting on the forward deck, and one light was in sight from the headlands. She had hardly seated herself when a great form came rolling up and sat down beside her. It was the big German. Down from the other side came a slight figure that both recognized as the little Frenchman.

When he saw them both together he started. "Ma Fois!" he said, under his breath.

"Donner und Blitzen!" replied the big German emphatically.

Just then there was an angry snort behind them, and they perceived the Yankee.

"Goodness me!" said Wilhelmina.

"Wait," said the big German. "It may be as well that we may have this settled at once."

"What do you mean?" cried Wilhelmina in surprise.

"Meine gnedige Freulein! Ich liebe dich! Mit meine varre seele. Ich liebe dich!"

Wilhelmina gazed on the little Frenchman for an explanation.

"Ah, Mademoiselle—Je t' aime aussi!"

Then Wilhelmina looked enquiringly at the Yankee, but he only said savagely, "If it weren't for these blasted foreigners!" and went away.

"I will decide before I go on shore," said Wilhelmina, "and now I am going to bed."

They walked on either side of her to her cabin. "Will you allow me to kiss your hand?" said the big German.

"Certainly not," said Wilhelmina, but nevertheless she held out her hand to them and they both kissed it.

"Aufweidersehen!" said the German.

"Au revoir!" said the Frenchman.

"Good-bye!" said Wilhelmina.

Then she went in and shut the door.

The next morning when the little Frenchman came on deck it was broad daylight, and the ship lay at the wharf. Walking up and down was the big German.

"Where is she?" asked the little man.

"She has not got up yet," said the big one.

Just then the captain went hurrying by and overheard them. "She is gone," he said, "on the early boat."

"Gone!" said the little Frenchman; "Le Diable!"

"Mein Gott in Himmel!" observed the German, "We have been one tam fool!"

And the Yankee? Oh, he wasn't there. He had gone on the early boat with Wilhelmina, and at that very moment was inquiring, "Is the Reverend Malleby at home?"

GEORGE P. WHEELER.

A SONG.

I STOOD one day in a prison's gloom,
The world seemed far and still;
And a dread in the place, like the chill of doom,
Crept o'er me, despite my will.

As I stood, I heard from a distant cell
A ballad so gay and free
That I said, "O Warden, I pray you tell
Who this light-hearted singer may be!"

For he sang of a tryst in a lover's nook;
Of the maid who would meet him there;
How she stood on the bank of a purling brook
With a flower in her waving hair.

And the Warden said, "He's done naught but sing,
With no sign of remorse nor care,
Though the hours are fleeting like birds a-wing—
And the death-watch with him there!"

JAMES BARNES.

MY WARD.

IT WAS drawing near the end of a blustery December day and a few flakes of snow were falling from the sky, to be blown here and there over the frozen ground. A gloomier day would be hard to find.

The street seen from my office window was almost deserted; the passers-by hurried along on their way. Across

the meadow, on a pond, a few hardy skaters were gathered around a fire at the edge of the shore.

My office, at the north side of the Ohio State Insane Asylum, was warm and cosy, thanks to the old-fashioned fireplace. I am one of the doctors of the asylum, and, I am glad to say, a successful one.

I hope a kind one also. For years Marcus Arvulun's injunction, "Be tolerant to fools," has been my watchword. I count among my treasures the letters I have received from former inmates, thanking me for the skill and kindness which I had bestowed upon them in their darkest hours.

There was a rap at my door—an old familiar one—and in the next moment my ward entered the room.

She was of medium height, her every step, every attitude was graceful. What was most striking about her was her eyes, brown and shining with a steady light, which seemed to light up and give a fascination to the whole face.

"I just now had a letter from Dick," she said; "he is coming home Thursday"—holding it up in triumph.

"What's that? I must see to this; coming home a whole week before the time."

"Only two days! Yes, he *did* say if the governor growled I was to tell him that a senior was a privileged character, and that they could come home two days before the rest. Read what he says."

"Humph! he calls you 'dear.' I will have him understand that no one shall address my ward in this affectionate manner without my permission."

"I would like to know what good you see in my scapegoat son!" But she only said, with a laugh, "Titania loved Nick Bottom," and walked towards the door. Glancing at the table near by, the knives the surgeon had left on it caught her eye. "What shining knives these are," she cried. "I must look at them."

Every bit of color left my face. "Stop! Don't go near them," I cried, springing from my chair and detaining her

almost roughly, and quickly placed the knives in the drawer.

"Why, you look frightened," she said, retreating towards the door. "They did not hurt me." Then she added, "I must go to the post-office now, but I will stop on my way back and we can go to supper together."

The door closed softly, and I could hear her step grow fainter and fainter down the long hall.

I was still thinking of those knives. What a part a gleaming knife had played in the history of her life! They recalled to me the strangest, as well as the saddest, scene I ever experienced.

Some sixteen years ago I received a letter from my ward's father, George Gilchrist, an old college chum of mine, asking me to pay him a visit and stating that he feared his wife was losing her mind.

The news shocked me beyond measure. During our four years of college life, we had been warm friends—he was a splendid fellow, with the same beautiful brown eyes his daughter inherited, standing high in his class and giving promise of a brilliant future. After graduating from college, we separated; he going to Germany and I to New York to study medicine. We, however, kept track of each other. Soon news came that he was practicing surgery in the West. I learned also that he was married, and had every reason to believe that it was a happy union.

I at once replied to his letter, setting the next month as the time of my visit, adding that it would please me better to come in the guise of an old friend than as a doctor on a professional visit. By that means I would not cause anxiety to his wife.

It was a lovely June evening when I arrived at Gilchrist's home, and as I stepped from the cars his hand grasped mine, and we eagerly scanned each other's face. He seemed to me even handsomer now than in our college days.

Soon we were driving through the streets of the town towards his home, a handsome house at the edge of the town. I noticed, as we drove up to the door, that the nearest house was a square away.

"I think tea is about ready, 'Jack,'" he said, and added in a lower tone, "My wife only knows you as my college chum."

We entered the dining-room where his wife was awaiting our arrival. "This is my old friend Jack Elmer," he said, presenting me to his wife.

Her face was beautiful, although it showed traces of deep suffering and sorrow, and when she spoke the sound of her voice was tender and pleading.

"Why, where is Nell? You want to see our little daughter, Jack."

"Not to-night," she said, "she has gone to bed; won't to-morrow do? She is asleep by this time and she will fret all night if she is disturbed," said the tender, pleading tones of his wife.

"O nonsense! Jack wants to see what a nice daughter we have."

"Well, I will bring her," she answered.

"You see she does not even wish me to see my little daughter," said he when she had left the room.

In a few moments she returned carrying a little girl, who, with a merry laugh, as soon as she was placed on the floor, sprang to her father's arms.

I don't think I ever saw a fairer sight in my life. Every feature, to my eye, appeared perfect as she nestled there in her father's arms, half frightened at my appearance.

"What do you think of these brown eyes?" he said, turning her little face towards me. "These are the kind of eyes the Greeks gave to the immortals."

I noticed his wife never for a moment took her eyes off the child while he held it.

"Come now, George, let me have her. I know our little pet is sleepy. Nurse is going on a visit to her home to be

gone a month, and she wants to take our darling with her. Don't you think it would do my little daughter good, Mr. Elmer?" she said, turning towards me with her child on her arm, in that tender, pleading tone which went to my heart.

With those sorrowful eyes fixed on my face, I was on the point of saying, "Yes, send your little Nell with her nurse; it will do no harm," but the look her husband gave me recalled me to my duty.

"Why, your child is the picture of perfect health. Surely you could not spare her sunshine a whole month!"

I saw that she became very pale, and a look of something like despair came over her face as I finished speaking. She left the room without another word.

George and I spent the evening talking of our college days. I noticed that I remembered many details which he had forgotten. After trying in vain to recall some old foot-ball scores with Yale, he said with a laugh: "My memory is not as clear as it once was. This busy, roaring world around me has crowded out some of the vital incidents, even though I did play against Yale that day."

Towards midnight we separated for the night. I sat in my room recalling the strange scenes of the evening, his wife's strange conduct and her sad looks.

Next morning I found his wife waiting for us in the dining-room. She gave no explanation of the sudden departure the night before; and George came in, a few minutes later, with shooting-jacket and guns, ready for the hunt he had promised me.

The afternoons we spent in the library, where Mrs. Gilchrist would often join us. She rarely entered into our conversation, but when she did I was surprised at the deep study and learning she showed, proving clearly that her memory was not affected, a symptom which I had been wont to consider as one of the first symptoms of insanity, yet her face always wore the same sorrowful expression.

I observed that her little daughter was seldom with us. When her husband would ask for her she would always have some excuse to offer for her absence or an objection to make to her appearing. On the few occasions that their little Nell was with us in the library, the mother did not take her eyes off the child for a moment.

Thus the days rolled on without any noticeable change until the time came for my return, which was lengthened by a week at the earnest request of George, his wife joining heartily with him in this request.

By this time their little brown-eyed daughter had grown fond of me, and would climb up in my arms each morning before breakfast for a story, while her father went for the mail. I confess I grew to love the little tot, and the thought of how she would miss her stories carried the day, and I stayed yet another week.

It was now the third week of my stay, and I admitted myself completely baffled. I was no nearer the solution of the problem than I had been on the first day.

The cause of his wife's strange actions when her husband held their little Nell, and the sad look on her face, I could not explain.

One morning, two days before my departure, I left the breakfast table early to go on the porch to smoke a cigar. Hardly had I seated myself when, through the open door, I caught the sound of Mrs. Gilchrist's pleading voice, louder and more sorrowful than before.

I at once walked back and, standing near the door, I looked into the dining-room. Oh, how duped I had been! There by the table stood George Gilchrist, with a slender gleaming knife in his hand. Across the table stood his wife, with her child in her arms. "O George, please put the knife away; see how it frightens Nell!" she was saying.

I heard her husband's mocking reply and insane laughter.

"We are going to live forever if we do it. This will draw it direct from the heart without spilling a drop. Come, hand her to me."

"See! Nell is smiling. Surely you would not hurt her!" she said in a pleading voice. But he replied only with mocking laughter, which showed all the craftiness of a madman.

Escape seemed impossible. He stood between her and the door where I was standing unseen by both, but helpless, for my least motion, I felt, would only cause him to rush upon her.

But even then the brave wife's good sense and tact did not desert her. "George, take the blood you need out of my arm," she said, extending it towards the cruel knife. "Won't I do in place of our darling?"

"No, our Nell laughs and sings. You won't do; you never laugh and sing any more. Your blood is sad; it would kill us if we drank it."

"Why, George, I can sing," and she at once started up one of those grand old hymns of Luther's.

Picture the scene if you can.

I soon saw her plan. While she was singing she kept moving step by step towards the door until she darted forth out of the room past me. With a baffled cry, he sprang after her with uplifted knife. As he passed me, I stooped down, grasping him about the waist, so that, carried by his start, he fell heavily forward and the knife flew harmlessly against the wall opposite. He was at once secured and bound tightly.

That afternoon the butler started with him for the asylum, but he never reached his destination. A careless engineer, a broken rail, tells the story.

And it was a thousand times better so. He was taken out from the wreck, without a mark on his handsome face, which was now calm and peaceful in its last sleep. He was buried with honors befitting his station and wealth, and no one but the trusty butler, his wife and myself knew the sad secret of his life.

What a brave, plucky woman his wife was! This was not the first attempt he had made to kill his child, I after-

ward found. This was her reason for asking that the child should be sent away.

A year afterward I was called to make a second journey to the home of my friend. The strain had been too great for his loving wife to bear, and I found her on her death-bed, where she placed in my arms her lovely little Nell, entreating me to be her guardian. The next day she died and was buried by the side of her husband. I hope they will both be joined again in the land that knows no sorrow.

I took my ward home. She has been the sunshine of our home, and I have treated her like my own daughter. This she has repaid me with a daughter's love.

What caused George Gilchrist to write that letter has always been a mystery to me.

Nell is my daughter-in-law now.

CHARLES IRVIN TRUBY.

LE DÉPART.

FROM the alcove, screened with its tropic palms,
Comes the orchestra's rhythmic beat
As the revelers, merry, with bow and smile,
In the lancers part and meet;
When slender and fair
A-down the stair,
Trips the goddess I long to invoke—
Comes Annie, my queen—with a smile half shy.
As she glances out with a roguish eye
Under her opera-cloak.

Through the broad portière comes the orchestra's throb
And glimpses of color gay;
But the music grows fainter—the figures grow dim,
For Annie is going away.
There's a murmured "good-bye"
At the doorway, and I,—
(I scarce knew the words that I spoke)
But over her shoulder she smiles as we part,
And I know that she carries away my heart
Under her opera-cloak.

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

TO THE always-hurrying nineteenth-century people there is a strange fascination in the older times, when the great world moved more slowly, and the generations passing away, left the face of the earth almost as their fathers' fathers had left it. It must be because we grow tired of never-ending conflict, and because the older days seem so very full of rest.

It was my privilege, a year or two ago, to visit a little village, not many miles from New York city, which, although it may not present a perfect likeness to other days, still has much in common with the past. You come to this place after twelve miles of stage riding over the hills, and find it situated on rather high ground sloping off toward Long Island Sound, which is visible some fifteen miles away. There are rocks on every side, and one cannot help thinking that they who first chose this country for their home must have been a strong and rugged folk. The houses are nearly all of the older style of architecture, very plain and neat. The people are kind of heart, and one is easily drawn to them, for kindness is the thing we love best after all.

The first place in this village which I visited was "the store." Here was for sale all that one's heart could wish, whether molasses or calico, iron pots or harness. The post-office was in the store-room, of course. And here in the evenings, the men were wont to gather and talk over all that they had seen and heard during the toilsome day. They spoke of crops and stock, and even descended to gossip too, while sometimes one of their number read from the daily paper, and then looking out into the wide, wide world so far beyond them, they discussed the nation's matters, and many things which they perhaps but dimly understood. The storekeeper, in idle moments, leaned over the counter and joined in the conversation, and when trade was very dull he even came and took his seat among the com-

pany, where the village jester brought forth shouts of laughter by his ready wit, or "the village statesman talked with looks profound." The blacksmith with his tales of strength, the woodsman recounting strange adventures with snakes and other denizens of the wood, the village sage who gave advice to all the circle, the old man who remembered the daily weather for half a hundred years, the young man who had been to town with his produce, or to "the water" after clams, all were there. It was a happy company, and now and then in talking of their neighbors' business, what wonder that they sometimes said a word too much?

Across the way from the store stands the church, built away back in Revolutionary times. As I sat there one Sabbath day and looked at the double row of windows, the glasses stained by contact with the various weather of an hundred years, the straight-backed pews, the high pulpit, and the aged pastor who, for more than half a century, had ministered to the same beloved people,—as I listened to the melody of sacred song and heard the simple eloquence of the living Preacher proclaiming there the living Word, it seemed to have a solemnity about it which I cannot well describe. The minister began his work way back in the 30's. During the years of his pastorate the older generation—as he first knew it—had long since passed away; the young folks then had grown to be gray-headed; and some children yet unborn when first he came had seen their children and their children's children. During all these years he had labored faithfully and well, and in strictest truth "none knew him but to love him." His was one of those strong, sweet lives of which you sometimes read, but do not often see. As you grasped his hand, and looked into his happy face, and heard his genial conversation, there was an indescribable something which told you very plainly whom he loved, and whom he served.

"Only Christ's dear Gospel true
Did he strive to preach,
Nothing strange, or false, or new,
Would this parson teach.

"But tho' this parson was so good,
Of such a holy mind,
Ne'er to sinful man could he
Be aught else than kind."

And those who were erring loved him just as well as did the faithful ones.

In a corner of the church one might always see the sexton—a character altogether unique. He was an old man with white locks, and, when he was bedecked for the Sabbath day, wore a long frock coat of ancient cut. He opened the church an hour before the service and, grasping the bell-rope, let the people know that the time for worship was drawing nigh. As the rope went up, he always sprang with it into the air—a laborious fashion, and a curious one, in keeping with the man. Then there was another old man who thought one night he saw an angel, who told him that he should not die until the coming of the Kingdom, and gave him signs by which he knew that the word should be fulfilled.

Thus I saw these people live and worship in their quaint, old-fashioned way, and while I do not agree with those who say the old was better than the new, still it is very restful now and then to glance at one of the fast-fading remembrances of other days, and there is a feeling—it may be only sentiment—but still there is a feeling which comes over one, a something about those old times and ways which makes us call them "good."

COURTLANDT PATTERSON BUTLER.

THE TWO SISTERS.

ONE was slender and white of blee—
The clock strikes one—the clock strikes one!
And one was dark, though fair to see,
And I sit on in the dark.

A lover one had, in a far countree—
The stroke is done—the stroke is done!
Ah, that she now his bride might be,
While I sit on in the dark.

I loved that lover, ah, woe is me!
For I had none—for I had none;
And I was the other, as you see,
As I sit on in the dark.

The lover came back from over the sea,
In storm and sun—in storm and sun.
But he found the fair one dead at my knee!
And I sit on in the dark.

Oh, the wind moans low in the poplar tree—
I was the one—I was the one!
He mourned her long—he weeps her free,
And he gave not even his curses to me,
So I sit on in the dark.

GEORGE P. WHEELER.

BIXIOU'S PORTFOLIO.*

ONE morning in the month of October, a few days before I left Paris, as I was breakfasting, I saw a round-shouldered old man coming up to my gate with trembling steps; his coat was soiled and threadbare, and he trembled on his long legs like an unfeathered, wading bird. It was Bixiou. Yes, Parisians, your Bixiou; savage, charming Bixiou, that constant joker who for fifteen years has enlivened your leisure hours so much with his satires and cartoons. Ah! poor fellow, how pitiful! But for a grimace, which he made as he entered, I would never have known him. With his head awry and his cane at his lips like a clarinet, the celebrated jester advanced with a sad air to the middle of the room, and placing himself before the table, he said in a mournful tone:

"Pity a poor blind man!"

It was so well done, that I couldn't help laughing. But he said, very coldly:

* From the French of Daudet.

"You think I am joking,—look at my eyes," and he turned toward me two great white, sightless balls, "I am blind, my dear fellow,—blind for life; that's what comes of writing with vitriol; I have burned my eyes out at that pretty trade. Look, now! burned to the bottom—to the very sockets!" added he, pointing to his eyelids, where no longer remained the vestige of a lash.

I was so amazed that I found not a word to reply. My silence made him uneasy.

"Are you busy?"

"No, Bixiou, I am breakfasting; will you join me?"

He made no response, but by the quiver^d of his nostrils I saw plainly that he was dying to accept, so taking him by the hand I made him sit down by me.

While he was being waited on the poor fellow kept snuffing the table and chuckling to himself the while:

"Delightful air all this has, a real treat for me; it's been so long now that I haven't been getting any breakfast of mornings—a penny bun every morning as I go the round of the Departments, for you know I haunt the Departments now; it is my only vocation. I am trying to hook on to a tobacco shop, for there's nothing better. Those at home must be fed. I can't sketch any more, I can't write any more. 'Dictate,' do you say? But what? I have nothing in my head any longer; I can't think of anything. My trade—it was seeing the shams and humbugs of Paris and putting them on paper. I can't do that any longer, so I have conceived the idea of a tobacco shop—not on the Boulevard, of course not; I have no right to that favor, for I am neither the mother of a ballet dancer nor the widow of a superior officer. No, simply a little country shop, far away somewhere in a nook in the Alps. I will have a large porcelain pipe for a sign; I will call myself Hans or Zebedee, as they do in the story, and I will console myself for not writing any more by making tobacco pouches with the works of my contemporaries. There you have it; that's all I ask. No great thing, is it? Well, perhaps not, but

the rub is to get it. My backers ought not to fail me though. I used to be very tony; why, I dined with the Field-marshal and with the Prince and his Cabinet. I was a lion with them all then, for I used to amuse them, or else they were afraid of me. But now I cause no one any uneasiness. O my eyes! My poor eyes! I don't get invited anywhere now. It's so sad to have a blind man at the table! Pass me the bread, if you please. Ah, the villains! they will have made me pay dear for that miserable tobacco shop. For six months now I have been wandering through every Department with my petition. I come in the morning when they are lighting the fires or giving His Excellency's horses a roll on the soft sand of the court-yard; I don't leave until night, when they bring out the great lamps and the kitchens begin to smell good.

"So it goes; my whole life is passed in these wooden cages of ante-rooms. And the officers know me, I assure you. At the Home Department they call me 'This Worthy Gentleman,' and, to win their favor, I make some puns, or, with a stroke of my pencil on a corner of their blotting-pads, I outline funny faces with great mustaches, which make them laugh. That's what I've come to, after twenty years of howling success. That, forsooth, is the end of an artist's life. And to think that there are in France forty thousand poor wretches who would give their ears to join our profession! To think that day after day a locomotive comes puffing up here, bringing us car-loads of idiots on fire with literature and the idea of a printed reputation. Ah, romantic land! would that Bixiou's misery might be a lesson to you!"

And then he leaned over his plate and began to eat eagerly, without saying a word. It was a pitiful sight to see. Every now and then he would lose his bread or his fork, or feel around for his glass. Poor fellow! he was not yet used to his affliction. In a moment he went on:

"But there is something worse yet than all that—I can't read the papers any more. One must be a disciple of the

quill to understand that. Sometimes at evening, as I am going home, I buy one for nothing in the world but to scent the damp paper and the fresh news; it's so good! and nobody to read them to me! My wife could, easily enough, but she won't. She makes believe that you can find lots of things in the columns which aren't fit to read. Ah! these old-fogy dames, once married, there's nobody more squeamish than they. From the very moment I made her Mrs. Bixiou, she has believed it her bounden duty to become a bigot, and she doesn't wish me, either, to have my eyes bathed with Salette water. And then the holy bread, the collections, the holy infancy, the little Chinese, and what not? We are up to our necks in charities. It would be a charity to read my papers to me—but, no, she isn't so inclined. If my daughter now were at home, she would read them to me, but when I went blind, I sent her to the Notre Dame Art School, so as to have one mouth fewer to feed.

"And there is another thing which gives me satisfaction—that girl. She isn't nine years old yet, but she has already had every disease that flesh is heir to. Sorry specimen, she! and ugly! uglier than I, if such a thing could be. * * * * *

Well, well, I am kind, I must say, to recount my family troubles to you. How can it interest you?

"Come, give me a little more of that brandy. I must get myself worked up. I am going from here to the Department of Public Instruction, and the officers are not easily amused. They are old stagers down there."

I poured the brandy for him; he began to sip it slowly. I was absorbed in watching him. Suddenly some fancy or other struck him; he rose, glass in hand, turning his sightless eyes about him a moment with the amiable smile of a gentleman who is about to speak, then with a voice loud enough to address a banquet of two hundred:

"To Arts! To Letters! To the Press!" And off he started upon a ten-minute toast, the wildest and most mar-

velous impromptu speech that ever came from that buffoon's brain.

Imagine an exhaustive review of the current year; the Lower Story of Literature in 186—; our would-be literary assemblies, our gossip, our quarrels, all the drolleries of an eccentric world, inky rubbish, hell without its grandeur, where they cut each other's throats, where they cut each other up, where they rob one another, where interest-money and coppers are bandied about far more than at the shops, but it does not hinder anyone from perishing of hunger there as much as anywhere else; all our baseness, all our poverty; old Baron de Raffle crying, "Here! Here!" at the Tuilleries, with his wooden bowl and his blue coat; then the deaths of the year, the advertised burials, the funeral oration by the appointee, always the same: "Dear and regretted! We mourn—" over a poor fellow whose tomb-stone they refused to pay for; and the suicides and those who have become insane. Imagine all this recounted, detailed, acted out by a genius,—you will then have some idea of what Bixiou's outburst was like.

The toast finished, his glass drained, he asked me the time and was off, with an air almost savage, without bidding me "good morning." I never learned how M. Durny's officers received his call that morning, but I am very sure that never in my life have I felt so sad, so low-spirited, as that morning when that terrible blind man left me alone. My inkstand disgusted me; my pen made my hair stand on end as it rubbed against my fingers. I wished to be far away, to stroll in solitude among the trees, to experience something pleasant for a change. What venom! Great heaven! what rancor! what need had he to sputter over and soil everything? Ah, the wretch!

And I wrathfully paced my apartment, seeming ever to hear his snort of disgust as he spoke to me of his daughter. Suddenly, near the chair in which he had sat, I felt something roll under my foot. Bending over, I saw that it was his portfolio, a great, shiny portfolio, with the corners

broken. He was never without it—calling it, laughingly, his “poison-pocket.”

That pocket, in our world, was as renowned as the famous paper-boxes of M. de Girardin. It was reported that there were terrible things in it. Now seemed a good opportunity to assure myself of it. The old portfolio, packed full as it was, had been broken open by its fall, and all its papers had tumbled out upon the floor. So I placed them back, one by one;—a packet of letters, written upon some flowered paper, commencing, every one: “*My Dear Papa,*” and signed, “*Celine Bixiou, of the Daughters of the Virgin,*”—some old prescriptions for children’s diseases—croup, convulsions, scarlatina, measles (not one had the poor little thing escaped). Finally, a large, sealed envelope, sticking out of which, as from a little girl’s bonnet, were two or three curly, yellow hairs, and upon the envelope, written in a large, trembling hand—a blind man’s hand:

Celine’s hairs, cut on the 13th of May, the day she entered down yonder.

That is what I found in Bixiou’s portfolio.

Come, now, Parisians, you are all the same. Disgust, irony, a stony laugh, harsh, heartless chaffing, and then to end it all, *Celine’s hairs, cut on the 13th of May.*

THE SHEPHERDS’ PRAYER.

[In Provence, when the peasants see a shooting-star, they say it is a sign of death.]

A ROUND a blazing fire at night,
A group of simple shepherds lie,
Alone upon the mountain height,
Their couch the rock—their roof the sky.

With many a tale and legend old,
They banish all their thoughts of care,
When suddenly, above the fold
Flashes a meteor through the air.

The eldest shepherd says, as glows
The star's bright track upon the sight,
"Pray, comrades, for that soul's repose
Who to its God has fled to-night."

Then kneeling 'neath the frosty dome,
Whose million stars, like angels' eyes,
Look down on their bleak, mountain home,
Their simple prayers to Heaven rise.

JOHN GLOVER WILSON.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A BIT OF NEW JERSEY.—It is getting toward the close of the afternoon, and the sun is down. A slowly thickening fog is blotting out the landscape, and is gradually shortening the long length of muddy, terra-cotta colored road that lies at our feet.

On the right the damp, green meadow slopes down to the little river, whose broadest expanse is visible through the trees just beyond. Through those same trees, almost stripped of their autumn coloring, the smooth water of the canal shines, not with its usual brilliant reflection, but with a dull glimmer that is barely visible through the mist.

The south wind brings to our ears a faint blast from a distant boatman's horn, signalling his approach to the lock at the little village of Kingston. A well-known note arouses us, and a robin flits over our heads and into the bare trees that line the little stream. Other bird-calls, dropping from the gray and misty clouds, announce the passage of a little flock of summer-birds, wending their way to the sunny south.

At the left of the road there stands a large mansion, whose colonial style of architecture, with low windows and wide verandas, proclaims its antiquity. The house is surrounded with tall pines, through whose dark branches the wind sighs softly, rising and falling with the faultless harmony of nature. The place itself is evidently uninhabited, and the battered front-gate sags on its rusty hinges, as though inviting the chance passer-by to enter.

A single light on the hill beyond the river shines dimly through the fog, and the increasing chill of the wind warns us that we have not long to linger. One last look at the scene, darkening with the approaching shade of night, and we turn our faces homeward, toward the lights of the college town.—*Paul Burrill Jenkins.*

IN GOOD TIME.

He wearily wandered homeward,
After a toilsome day,
While the soft faint light of evening
Was falling across his way,
And that kingly star in the blue afar,
Was marshalling his array.

The noise of the day was ended,
All was surpassing still,
Save the chirping of the cricket,
And the cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the sound of the breeze up in the trees,
And the murmuring of the rill.

He had spent his time in scattering
The seed upon the ground.
From early morn till twilight
No leisure had he found ;
But all the day he had kept his way,
The wearisome field around.

And when the day's work was finished,
Looking across the field,
He could see no signs of his labor,
Nor promise that it would yield ;
The earth all bare as he saw it there,
No blade nor ear revealed.

But his heart was not unhappy,
For he knew the golden grain,
Warmed by the summer sunlight,
And moistened by the rain,
Would surely rise beneath the skies,
And perfect growth attain.

And he doubted not that evening,
As he trod the pathway o'er,
As light of heart, tho' tired of limb,
He entered his open door,—
That cloudy or clear, he need not fear,
The harvest would come once more.

—Courtlandt P. Butler.

MY HAUNT.—On the mounds at the edge of town is a nest of rocks which has always been a favored haunt of mine. As I sit there, over my head the branches wave, tall and beautiful, trying to shut out the sunlight which tries to filter down through the foliage on my book.

At my feet flows Pennsylvania's noblest river, the broad Susquehanna, in a lazy, leisurely fashion, its bright waters dotted here and there with boats or tiny islands. In the distance, perhaps I can see a group of bathers, and the wind brings their laughter to me.

Across the river the mountain rises sheer and steep, as if some mighty monarch had cut with a knife a passage for the river to the sea; at its top, on a lofty tree, a daring spirit has nailed our starry flag, which the wind has now sadly tattered.

A mile to the northwest gleams the waters of the blue Juniata, "fabled in song and story," winding like a silvery thread through an English meadow, on her course to join the river. At the fork of the rivers, on a lofty bluff, lies the village grave-yard, the silent sentinel of our peaceful village. What a lesson of vanity does she teach the hurrying throngs who tread the streets below! As the river, so flows the current of their life, ever moving on towards that final end.

From the base of the mountain to the fork of the rivers, extends the town—a typical Pennsylvania village—with its large old-fashioned square and town pump.

If this makes one's mind wander to olden times his thoughts are quickly brought back when the eye rests on the neighboring corner, for there stand side by side all the great factors which have made the world what it is to-day, and contain all the elements of our century's growth—the church, the school, the jail, the printing house.

This is what I see from my haunt. Especially in the early twilight, it has a peaceful and quiet beauty, with nothing of the sternness of most mountain scenery, or the vastness which stirs the imaginations but fails to touch the heart.—*Charles Irvin Truby.*

OVERHEARD.—The other night I was making for my room in East College, when I noticed two little ragamuffins going in the same direction. Their hands were in their pockets, of course, and their little elbows had an independent swing in the moonlight. One of them was humming a tune—not “Annie Rooney,” nor “Don’t You Hear Dem Bells?”—but the song we love but so seldom sing, “Home, Sweet Home.”

I was not the only one who noticed the unusual tune. Some fellow who was just going into North East, stopped for a moment to listen and then held the door open for the boys. A little black dog that had been following them slipped in first, and then, as the boys followed, the youngster who had been singing said to the collegeman, “much obliged.” This act of politeness was the most surprising thing of all, but somehow or other it seemed to me that the boy said it more for the dog’s sake than for his own.—*James C. Meyers.*

LINES TO MY FICKLE LOVE.

The long, sweet walks ‘midst summer’s fragrant beauty,
The whispered word, the glance of eye to eye,
With naught to follow but love’s pleasant duty,
A ready yielding to the spirit-tie,
The last good-night, half-sad, yet full of bliss—
Years hence, oh love, wilt thou remember this?

The tender sorrow of our latest parting,
The shining tear, the half-suppressed sigh,
The hopes and terrors into life upstarting,
The bitter-sweetness of that fond good-bye,
The last embrace, the last warm, clinging kiss—
Years hence, lost love, wilt thou remember this?

—*Burton Egbert Stevenson.*

THE EPHEMERAL NOVEL.—There is no subject upon which the average critic is so apt to be deceived as upon the merits of a novel. Whether this is due to the fact that works of fiction far outnumber any other kind of publication, or because they are judged under the heads of idealism and romanticism between which there is no clearly defined line of difference, or whether the fault lies with the not infallible critic, I shall not try to determine. It is sufficient to say that at rare intervals there is a place for the good novel, and the critics, in their haste to decide what novel shall fill this place, often fall far short of the mark. Many a novel have we been beguiled into purchasing through indiscriminate praise of some critic.

Has an author some new or unique belief in religion, he straightway incorporates it in a novel. Has he some advanced or peculiar idea on social reform, the surest way to bring it to the public attention is the novel. And a still more original conception is that of a Canadian lady, who regards a work of fiction as the best method of giving us her views on reciprocity. Then, there is the ordinary novel with the ordinary theme.

Now and then a novel appears which finds a very flattering reception. Some literary nestor advances to praise it. The magazines herald it forth as a "work of genius," "one of the few novels that will live," etc. The author of the book is compared to a George Eliot or a Dickens, and by no means unfavorably. His admirers form clubs for the study of his works and the prosecution of his ideas. His previous attempts are resurrected and critically examined to determine the growth of his genius. The author, in short, is lionized by a literary world gone mad, and unless the poor author be wise enough to profit by the fate of others, he believes himself on the road to immortality. But at length the white heat of enthusiasm begins to cool. The critics find out their mistake and the magazines gradually subside in their praises, and end by ignoring the

author altogether. The clubs disband when the "fad" is worn out, to seek some new idol for worship. In a short time the author is unknown, and his book is relegated to the category of "forgotten novels."

It is not only works possessing some merit which attain great popularity. Indeed it would be an interesting study to analyze the composition of the American mind which in a few short months devoured thousands of copies of Robert Elsmere, and then, with equal avidity, turned to such spawn of the press as Mr. Barnes, of New York.

One of the most noticeable examples of the ephemeral novel in our own literature is that of the "Lampighter," by Maria S. Cummins. The utter oblivion in which this novel is now buried stands out in most marked contrast to the immense popularity it attained thirty or forty years ago. We scarcely ever hear of it now, except in the catalogue of some publisher whose stock-in-trade is limited. It is needless to refer the reader to examples of such novels in our more recent literature. Any person at all acquainted with current literature can immediately call to mind such novels as "John Ward, Preacher," by Margaret Deland; Rider Haggard's "She," and Amélie Rives' "Quick or the Dead." The far-famed "Looking Backward," has already shown unmistakable signs of a waning popularity. The same process, essentially, has been repeated with a host of novels in the past, and there is no one with so prophetic an eye that he can foresee what novel will engage public attention after a twelvemonth has past.—*Loren M. Luke.*

EDITORIAL.

OUR thanks are due to Profs. Westcott and Harper for their services as judges in the Story Prize contest. The prize has been awarded to Mr. J. L. Williams, '92, of Illinois.

THE NEW COMMENCEMENT HALL.

NOT since the John C. Green School of Science was placed on a permanent and prosperous basis by the erection of its amply-equipped building, has the college been the recipient of so munificent a gift as that which President Patton announced before the trustees at their late meeting. It was a genuine surprise, and for that reason all the more appreciated. The sentiment of the college, faculty, students and friends, has long been that a new place for holding the Commencement exercises ought to be secured. The yearly increase in graduating classes has made the First Church practically inadequate to accommodate the growing number of visitors. Added to this is the fact, that at present we possess no hall commodious enough or rightly adapted in appointments, in which concerts, entertainments and literary exercises may be presented with justice to all concerned. The new Commencement Hall will solve these troublesome questions.

But if we understand correctly the purpose of the giver, the hall will be more than simply a large auditorium. There will be attached to it offices and committee rooms of various sizes; so that the faculty will not be compelled to conduct its sessions in the cramped apartment now used, or the trustees to occupy an ante-room of the library. We are informed, likewise, that in all probability a general college

reading-room will be provided in the building, where faculty and students alike may have access to current newspaper and periodical literature. Such a provision could not interfere with the present arrangements of the two Halls. It would be only a further recognition of enlargement in the university spirit.

We beg a little indulgence in referring to a phase of the subject that has already evoked some discussion—the location of the Commencement Hall. There seems to be a general consensus of opinion that it should be placed as near Nassau street as would minister best to the convenience of the students and to the ornamentation of the neighboring campus. Following this criterion, the only available spot is the ground which adjoins the church directly to the west. A better location need not be sought. We would therefore join with the *Princetonian* in pressing the claims of this part of the campus as the proper site for our new building. A moment's thought on the proportions of the hall, its architectural beauty, which will rival if not surpass that of any other building among Princeton's many, its immense significance and the prominent position it must take immediately in our college life, will make it plain to a dissenting reader that a secondary location is not to be considered. The projection of this plan may necessitate some few changes in the adjacent residences, but these changes will, we believe, be acceded to willingly, for the prosperity of the college and in view of the surpassing kindness of our liberal patroness.

To Mrs. Alexander we are under many obligations because she has obviated in a simple but effective way one of the growing difficulties, and has at the same time paid a glowing tribute to the influence and fair name of Princeton. Her interest in Princeton's advancement has been unwavering; in converse true, her recent gift will bear, indelibly stamped upon it, the conscious undying gratitude of Princeton's loyal sons.

THE GAME.

PRINCETON has lost the championship, and in doing so has sustained the worst defeat in her athletic history. Defeat is never pleasant, but in this case we have the satisfaction of knowing that our failure is due to no one's fault. Our management has been energetic and careful, our captain has struggled heroically against the worst combination of circumstances that ever confronted a Princeton captain, and the eleven which finally faced Yale had trained faithfully and tried their best to win. There is always one consolation after an unsuccessful foot-ball season, and that is, "next year." This time the prospects for the "next year" are not bad. There will be better material in college and more experienced players. Princeton must win next year; there is no doubt about that. Yale has one advantage over us, and that is in her rowing, which keeps her old athletes hard and develops the muscles of the coming men. She has also better gymnasium facilities at present. No one looking at the two teams as they came on the field could help noticing the stocky build and the shoulder and leg development of the Yale men. The same characteristic may be observed in Harvard teams. Princeton has relied too much on the natural strength of her men, and has not given enough attention to building up material. In the present status of athletics the only way she can hope to make up for smaller numbers is by making the most of every available man. We would urge upon the new captain the advantage of getting out a squad of all the foot-ball men in sight and keeping them at work during the rest of the term. Strict training rules would not be necessary, but some good, vigorous gymnastic work a few times a week, mixed with a little cross-country running, would turn out a squad of candidates in June much stronger and many pounds heavier. Of course the hardness would scarcely last through the summer, but the weight would, and the men would get into

shape much quicker in the fall. Princeton is somewhat handicapped in various ways, and if she wants to win against Harvard and Yale, must accomplish it by working harder than they do. This means we must work very hard indeed, and the sooner we realize it the better. Just one word to the alumni: Get up a systematic scheme to have some of your number down here every day from the beginning of the season. Coaching makes the winning team.

THE COLLEGE MAN.

THIS is a phrase which we hear very often, and with a great variety of meanings. It may imply that the college man is simply one who has gone to college, or it may express the idea that he is radically and intrinsically different from the rest of the human species. It is a phrase which is peculiarly relished by a certain class of students whose consciousness is dominated principally by the idea that they are no longer "preps." The restrictions of the school are gone, and these young gentlemen are rejoicing for the first time in the sensation of being their own masters. The sensation is well enough if it does not become too exuberant. But very often it becomes so abnormally developed that it takes the form of denying any restrictions whatever. There is nothing the college man may not do. There is a divinity that doth hedge him and make acts which in others would be flagrant violations of breeding or morality, simply excusable and exquisitely delightful pranks. Do humdrum people, called the public, object? So much the worse for the fossils who are stupid enough to prefer their own comfort to the pleasure of his highness the college man. He has other ways of showing his superiority. There is the matter of dress. We can easily recognize our friend on the campus. He wears a "horse" hat, and his raiment would make the vocal Memnon feel ashamed of

itself for speaking only at sunrise. When you meet him he smiles with a pardonable vanity as one who would say: "What do you think of me as I am now—not bad, eh?" Then, too, there is that air of lordly indifference to things in general which becomes one so well.

We must confess that this is not the ideal which appeals to us. A college man is a man who has gone to college, and the former word should be as much emphasized as the latter. The first thing is the man; the second is what a college can do for him. We think it can and does do a great deal. It gives him a better disciplined mind, a wider range of knowledge, a higher point of view, a superior polish. We are heartily in sympathy with the *esprit de corps* which gives the college graduate a proper pride in his class, and makes him find in his fellows a congeniality and a fraternity which do not extend outside the charmed circle or academic walls. A college man is one who has had a generous desire to develop himself, and who has had special advantages in doing so. But all this has little in common with the noisy and self-assertive bravado of the man who likes to wear his hat cocked over one eye, and who thinks it as good as a patent of nobility to get into his room particularly late after doing something real bad. Princeton is fortunate in having a small representation of this class of students, but she could get along with scarcely any. Her reputation is not helped by men who wear her colors and show a refreshing absence of the true college spirit.

INCENTIVES TO HISTORICAL STUDY.

AS THE editorial eye was perusing an old volume of the NASSAU LIT. in search of a certain production published therein, it rested accidentally upon one of the editorial comments which bemoaned the inefficiency and restricted province of Princeton's curriculum in history. The writer

noted the wide field that such study might cover, exposed to view the limited resources which the college possessed along that line, and closed with a ringing appeal for liver interest and better work in the historical department. The appeal perhaps was warranted by the exigencies of the situation.

We have been conscious, however, in recent years, of a decided advancement in standards of work and in competence of methods. The old system of historical study that laid great stress on the importance of history in its universality and entirety, or emphasized the mechanical side of the study as represented by dates and battles, has yielded step by step to one of higher philosophical character. The change was wrought, we doubt not, by the new mode of history writing. Mr. Edward Freeman has become the great exponent of the "new history." His conception of the historian's duty is not revolutionary. "Married to facts" is his watchword, too. But he departs from the methods formerly accepted, by singling out the epoch or the individual state and connecting its history by logical reasoning with that of preceding and subsequent eras or of co-existent nations and contemporaneous events.

This spirit, illustrated in historical production, has become the dominant impulse in historical research. University lectures no longer deal with insignificant dates and uninteresting facts, save as they form links in the chain of the world's development. Students now seek the reasons for growth of institutions and for evolution of governments. Long lists of dynasties and rulers are studied not for their own distinct virtues or deeds, but for their relation to the general development of the state or as they subserve the working out of some grand idea in the social and political life of the nation. And if the student catches this catholic spirit, he will extend his range of vision and investigation until he can draw his warranted conclusions from numerous well-selected data, that such and such a nation was

bound to disappear from the world's cognizance at the time it did, and that another one was to succeed upon its ruins. He tells further, that the peopling of the new hemisphere was inevitably necessary, that non-historic nations must remain in their excluded condition as long as they retain their internal characteristics. A charm it is, unquestionably, that thus attracts the intensest interest of the historical student. He deals, in the present regime, with living thoughts and flesh-clad purposes, with telling actions that find daily re-enactment, with social phenomena that to him wear the garb of his own nation's character. These readily become incentives to historical study and even more. He moulds them into active principles, that must be the directive, controlling energies in the sphere of political activity.

A still more subtle charm lies in the predictive power which the historical imagination guarantees. The "new history" dwells frequently on this hitherto unrecognized phase of study. We cannot, to be sure, rely absolutely upon the accuracy and universal application of prophecies which owe their origin to the tendencies in former years developed. And yet, the student who associates and systematizes these distinct manifestations and induces therefrom a general law to regulate the trend of coming events, finds in his constructive work an attraction born of peering into a mystic future.

We have diverged somewhat from our original purpose by this side-light glance at the transformation in production and study of history. Let us return once more to a consideration of how this change has become visible in Princeton's historical department. It has been attended with a multiplication of topics subsumed under the generic head. Philosophy, science, politics, have now their separate histories unfolded. Lectures in this branch have become the most popular electives. And with all these additions there has been created and sustained in our midst a desire for individual research among historical subjects which has already

been productive of many valuable results among alumni and professors.

That these results may be multiplied and made more thorough, the Historical Fellowship offered by the college has been enlarged and now requires the presence of the holder in Princeton, where he must devote his time entirely to the study of history. This fellowship is designed, primarily, to fit students for teaching its branches, and can therefore be held for three years consecutively.

We are also glad to see awakened interest in a special but important division of this department, American political history. The new prize for excellence in knowledge of America's early growth will draw the college student's attention to the formative period of this government and its vital connection with our own times. We miss the meaning of many constitutional questions confronting the body politic to-day, if we remain unacquainted with the antecedents and beginnings of this nation. Inducements, like these just cited, to familiarize ourselves with the great overshadowing events and purposes of the world's history and of our own short existence as a state, coupled with the charms that historical studies always possess, indicate conclusively that Princeton has not been inert in renaissance of historical learning, but has become in her restricted sphere a true maintainer of the new history with its attendant suggestiveness and culture.

GOSSIP.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

—*Old Proverb.*

ALL the improvident who could borrow enough money "to see them through," have gone to New York, and those who had enough without, or enough after having lent, went with them. Princeton is deserted, except for a well-known figure in black that shuffles across the front campus with a book held tightly under its arm. I am going myself on the next train, if I can catch it, and find the "old clothes man." Queer how he knows the time when he can purchase with the best profit to himself; and a dress coat goes for six dollars, or an overcoat for five, and no haggling over the price. A friend of mine, who is at Cranbury for his health, asked me to execute a commission for him, and I am in duty bound to do it, but I am afraid he will miss that overcoat. I am going to go down on the train with him, if he makes connections.

How well we all know that dismal old Junction. We have arrived there sleepy, and so slept there over night in the waiting-room. Of course, we need not to have done so; we could have walked up if we wished, but if the tumble-down shed did not shelter a tumble-down trap, with a knock-kneed horse, and it was muddy, we slept there, or tried to.

We go to the Junction to meet our parents, and we wear a respectable suit of clothes and a white shirt; and we go there to meet someone else, who, perhaps, has her parents with her, or somebody else's parents—this time we sport a brand new necktie and carry a stick. I wonder why it is that a fellow always takes a stick with him on these latter occasions. We have gone down singly, in pairs, and by the carload, and we have come back in the same manner. Now we go away in hope, but we never will come back in despair, no matter in whose favor the game may be. The indomitable spirit of Old Nassau will bring us back anxious to try it again, win or lose.

I don't know anything that comes up to the excitement of the morning of a big game. When we first wake up we pull open the window-shade at our hotel to see what kind of a day it is, then we remember that we went to bed rather late the night before, but we don't feel sleepy, although it may be six o'clock in the morning. We breakfast, and everything tastes the same; then we go out to the grounds on a coach, or on the train, with a lot of other fellows, and a headache, probably, from excitement. The time flies, and we eat our luncheon more for something to do than because we are hungry; then we cheer and stamp about—coherent conversation is impossible; there is a lull, a sudden roar

of applause, and eleven men come trotting on the field. Part of the spectators go crazy, and the eleven pass the ball about. How they drop on it! They can't be beaten! Then there is another burst of cheers, and the other eleven trot out. The other part of the immense assembly grow wild, and the noise of horns is deafening. It always seemed to me that the second cheer was the loudest. Everybody smokes nervously, while voices grow hoarse. "Time!" The eleven are lined up. And then—see to-morrow's papers and the *Princetonian*.

The evening after the game we all know what it is, and the recollection dwells in our minds until the base-ball season. After the game there is a reaction in favor of books, books to read and books to study, books to ponder over and books to skim through, and the library is more popular than ever. There is the shadow of the exam. upon us. At present I feel it hard to write upon any subject but that of the current interest. My thoughts run back to the time when I saw the game at Cambridge, in '87, when we played such an up-hill game, and against such odds. I remember how our left half-back made that tackle in the latter part of the second half, fierce and hard and sharp; how he tumbled the heavy runner—twice his size—head over heels out of bounds, and I feel sure that the "stick to the last" feeling animated him as it will always the sons of Princeton. "*Nil Desperandum*" will always be our motto, and loyalty to our Alma Mater in all things, great or small, our watch-word. Over "hard luck" and adversity, over chance and defeat, our motto will be the same, and now I hope that, come what may, the same feeling will exist. When this is read the result of the game in Brooklyn will be known. The college, however, knows that her honor is in safe hands; that we fight against odds, but do the best, and we thank our eleven, plucky captain, plucky line, plucky backs and all.

It is time to catch the train, and I must close with the German—Glück.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"All things must change,
To something new, to something strange."

"Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times."

"To-day is not yesterday; we ourselves change; how can our Works and Thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change, indeed, is painful; yet ever needful; and if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope."

SOME one has said that a nation's literature is a nation's mirror. There is a deal of truth in it, too. What certain people think, they write; what other people read, they think. When the latter class reads what the former writes, pretty nearly everybody thinks the same thoughts, and then one finds a true image in the looking-glass. But to see a nation of to-day you must look into the books of the day—the much-scorned but much-read ephemeral literature. The literature of other generations pictures dead faces. What if America should look into her mirror to-day? Would she smile happily at her beauty and purity, or would she blush at tell-tale blemishes? Let us peep over her shoulder. What do we see? Very little poetry that can be called poetry; only one great historian, and that one a venerated relic of a past generation: a few essayists, whose audiences are very meagre. What, then, is left? What do the people read? Novels. It is the Age of Novels. If one finds fault with anything in Religion, in Morals, in Politics, or in Economics, forsooth he must write a novel if he would have readers. The day of the penny-dreadful and the yellow-backed dime novel is well-nigh over. Nowadays a spicy novel costs half a dollar. "Spicy" is the word. No matter whose moral sensibilities may be shocked, no matter how much moral filth he may spread abroad, the novelist of the day carefully avoids being *tame*. Many novels are being written and read, but few of them are wholesome. Some of them, such as "Metzerott Shoemaker," and "Speaking of Ellen," deal with economic questions, and to all intents and purposes teach the Socialist Propaganda. Those that are most widely read and that do the greatest harm, have vice for their subject, and show it without a veil. Some of them do not pander to prurient readers but aim to effect a cure by heroic treatment. As a matter of fact they spread the disease. Such writers as Albert Ross, Edgar Saltus and the New York man-about-town, whose pen-name is Alan Dale, furnish the most popular novels of the day. This may be a disagreeable fact, but it is a fact beyond question. The worst of it is, that not only do these writers whet the tastes of vicious readers, but

they are also spreading abroad the belief in the existence of a mere veneer of morality in the highest society of the land. These authors probably have very little personal acquaintance with the society of which they write, but they have recently received an unintended but striking endorsement from one who knows. The writer of "A Successful Man" speaks with authority, and she pictures a society whose keynote is artificiality, whose women are not "wicked" simply because "they care too much for themselves." When France, through the writings of Voltaire and Diderot and Rousseau, came to understand the artificiality and moral decay of the aristocracy, the Revolution was at hand.

We have taken a glance into the mirror. What have we seen? Doubts in religion, dissatisfaction with existing social conditions, laxness in morals. If these things tell us anything they tell us of change. When society seethes it forms new combinations. We feel that something is coming. When we seek it we grope in the dark.

Fortunately for the novel-reader who likes neither didactic nor tainted fiction, all the novels of the day are not like those we have been talking about. We have just read F. Marion Crawford's new story, "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance." Mr. Crawford's creations have usually been men and women of the great world in various cities of Europe. Now he shows us humbler people, he tells us the story of thirty-six hours in the life of some Russian cigarette-makers living in voluntary exile in the city of Munich. It is remarkable how sympathetically this accomplished cosmopolite, who is, perhaps, half cynic, treats the self-sacrificing love of the plain-faced Polish girl Vjira for her half-mad fellow-workman who claims to be a Count. When the Count comes to his own again, the story is ended. "And so love conquered," is the last sentence. Perhaps the best touch in the book is the home-turning of the thoughts of one of the workmen—a Don Cossack, who for reasons unknown has taken to himself the German name of Johann Schmidt. As he sits on a doorstep in the moonlight, he looks at the small patch of sky visible between the rows of tall, black houses, and he thinks of things he had long forgotten—the broad, free Steppes, where the moon-light found no hindrance; the sheep and the dogs; the happiness around the camp-fire; the girl whose preference of another had made him an exile. Then comes a great longing, the home-longing that at times conquers both man and beast. He will go. But no! he has a wife and children there in Munich, and he cannot take them with him. He cannot go.

If any one writer made *Lippincott's Magazine* popular in its present form that writer is Captain Charles King. The December number contains another story by this delightful novelist, who has not by any means worn out his welcome. It is called "An Army Portia," and has all of Captain King's breezy and virile style. It will be of particular interest to those who read "Two Soldiers." A number of its characters re-appear. The "Portia" is Georgia Marshall, the bright-eyed girl who

sat next to Captain Frederick Lane at a certain stupid dinner party. She saves her lover from a sentence by a court-martial, before which he had been brought by an enemy and almost ruined by manufactured evidence. Two of our old friends we find happily married—Frederick Lane and Mabel Vincent Noel. So the question suggested by the indefinite conclusion of "Two Soldiers," is answered. "I, Polycrates," is a clever bit of verse. "To the Sunset Breeze," by Walt Whitman, has some touches of true poetry. "A Glance at the Tariff," by Mr. Joel Cook, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, is a readable and sufficiently just treatment of the main phases and principles of the McKinley bill. In "The Autocrat of the Drawing-Room," the unfortunate Ward McAllister catches it again.

The *Magazine of Art* for December presents, as its frontispiece, an etching of George Frederick Watts' masterpiece, "Fata Morgana." This is Mr. Watts' second version of the same subject, and when first shown at the exhibition at the New Gallery it created a furore. One of the best things of the number is P. Kahdemann's engraving, "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," from Sir Edwin Landseer's famous painting. It is a picture of "Paul Pry," a noble New Foundland dog. The opening article of the number is "Warwick Castle and its Art Treasures," which is fully illustrated. "The English School of Miniature Art" is the subject of a well treated and fully illustrated paper. The most unique and interesting article is that on "A Great Painter of Cats," the celebrated Dutch artist, Mme. Henriette Ronner. Its illustrations are reproductions, in half tints, of some pretty kittens. William Black, the novelist, looks at "The Illustrating of Books" from the author's point of view, and does not find everything reflecting credit upon the illustrators.

The Christmas edition of the *Cornopolitan* is unique and interesting. It contains 228 illustrations, an exceptional number. "Away on the Mountain, Wild and Bare," maintains the magazine's reputation for fine frontispieces. The magazine is illustrated throughout with cartoons by Dan Beard, representing "Christmas During the Eighteen Centuries of the Christian Era." These cartoons are placed at the bottom of each page, making a highly original arrangement. Elizabeth Bisland has become a favorite with many, and she tells, in her attractive way, of "The Passion Play at Oberammergau." General James Grant Wilson sketches the life of Field Marshal Von Moltke, who has just passed his ninetieth birthday. "Literary Boston" is treated with much appreciation, and shows numerous portraits. From the pen of Dr. Marion M. Miller comes a poem with the title of "Hylas." We are glad to see that Dr. Miller does not neglect the muse whom he served so well in undergraduate days.

The *Century* for December contains three papers on pioneer days in California—"Life in California before the Gold Discovery," by Gen. John Bidwell; "Ranch and Mission Days in Alta California," by Guada-

lupe Vallejo, and "Californiana." "Some Views on Acting," by Tommaso Salvini, is particularly interesting, because it follows so closely upon Joseph Jefferson's recent expression of opinion. Edgar S. Maclay writes of the "Laurels of the American Tar in 1812," and calls up memories of the days when we had a navy and more than held our own upon the high seas. This is a great fiction number—four complete stories and two installments of continued stories. Richard Harding Davis, whose stories are so popular in Princeton, contributes "The Cynical Miss Catherwaight," a decidedly original conception. Two of the other three stories are written by George Parsons Lathrop and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whose names are their guarantees. In the Bric-à-Brac, James Whitcomb Riley makes a new venture, and tries to render into verse the dialect of little boys. It is not a startling success.

In the December *Atlantic* "The House of Martha" holds its interest. The hero tries a new amanuensis, a nun, who irritates him by silence, and is only induced to speak to him by a festive wasp. In "The New Departure in Parisian Art" Mr. Birge Harrison discusses the new rival of the Salon, the National Society of Fine Arts. John Fiske contributes another historical paper, "From King's Mountain to Yorktown." Sophia Kirk's "Heimweh" is a touching sketch. "Pan the Faller," by William Wilfred Campbell, is a striking bit of verse. People who study the fashions in horses should read Mr. Merwin's "Carriage Horses and Cobs." Oliver Wendell Holmes no longer talks "over the teacups," but he gives us a didactic poem, "But One Talent," from which we quote one stanza:

"Thrice happy pauper he whose last account
Shows on the debtor side the least amount!
The more thy gifts, the more thou needs must pay
On life's dread reckoning day."

In the December *Forum* Andrew D. White considers the highly important question of municipal government, and contrasts that of this country with that of European cities. Jules Simon demonstrates "The Stability of the French Republic." He does not think that the Count of Paris will "come to his own again." "Does China Menace the World?" is the question answered in an interesting paper by President W. A. P. Martin, a graduate of Princeton. He shows the wonderful progress of China toward material civilization at least, and he pleads for fair treatment for the Chinese in America. Prof. Thurston, of Cornell, discusses "Speed in Railway Travel," and shows that the locomotive will be superseded on account of the demand for rapid transit.

Scribner's Magazine for December, with its special bronze cover, is a beautiful holiday number. The first article is Sir Edwin Arnold's "Japonica—Japan, the Country," the first of a series of papers resulting from the writer's long residence in Tokio. He contrasts the old and the new Japan, and describes the country life of the Mikado's realm. Not the least interesting thing in the number to college men is Helen Leah

Reed's Sargent prize translation of Horace, Book III., Ode XXIX (successful over sixteen male competitors). Strange how these college women outstrip the men! "A Pastoral Without Words," by Howard Pyle, is a pretty conceit. Twelve drawings tell their own story without help from words. Humphrey ward gives a sparkling account of "Christie's," the great London auction-room for fine things. In "Amy Robsart, Kenilworth and Warwick," the people who like Scott's great novel will find pleasant reading. "As the Sparks Fly Upward," by George A. Hibbard, is a railroad story, ably and strongly told.

The Princeton College *Bulletin* for November opens with a reproduction and an account of the Guyot Memorial. The next paper gives a report of the "Meeting of the Oriental Society." "The Princeton Scientific Expedition of 1890," is the subject of an interesting article. Various scientific papers follow. The number concludes with announcements of new courses, instructors, prizes, etc. The *Bulletin* is no longer an experiment; it has won its place and secured what we hope is a firm foothold. The value of its service to Princeton is inestimable.

Our exchange list contains not college magazines alone, but also the college newspapers, and the latter class is sometimes more interesting than the former. We wonder just how far these hastily-written editorials upon burning questions of local and inter-collegiate interest give expression to the thoughts of the men they assume to represent. Yet it is certain that as we look over our exchanges we rarely stop to question whether the editors write with authority. To us the *Crimson* man speaks for Harvard and the *News* man for Yale, and if either says anything we dislike, our resentment is directed not so much toward the writer as the college supposed to be back of him. As a matter of fact, the editor usually expresses mere personal opinion, without investigating at all the college sentiment regarding the subject in hand, and he can be considered representative only of that large class of men in every college whose opinions are furnished ready-made by the college paper. The odd thing is, that the editor's opinion expressed in conversation on the campus, receives infinitely less consideration than when it is aided by the magic of the printer's art. We often hear, "What does the *Princetonian* say about it?" but never "What does Mr. ——— say about it?"

The Yale *Lit.* is undergoing a very welcome evolution of character. The heavy, stilted style, which marked so many of its articles in the old days is fast disappearing. In the November number "The Small-Jobber" and "Two Libraries" have a refreshing easiness, and are decidedly readable. "The Rescue of Marianne" is by far the best story we have ever found in the *Lit.* It reminds us a little of an episode in "That Frenchman," but so little as to be scarcely worth mentioning. The theme is out of the ordinary, the Parisian setting is good, and the treatment is admirable. "The American Novelist" is a thoughtful study, and the writer's conclusions are, in the main, well grounded. The verse of the number is rather mediocre.

The Harvard Monthly has a strong story in "A Struggle with Fate," the story of a love which made a woman send a man to Siberia, and then made her follow him to a death in a snow-storm in the desert. The most noticeable thing in the number is "Antinous," a poem of great beauty. In the editorials we find a somewhat *blasé* discussion of the future of Harvard as presaged by the rapid growth of the University idea. Among other things, the writer says that "college loyalty, in the old feverish sense of the word, will, within a few years, be fighting for existence," and again, "To a visitor from Heidelberg or Oxford nothing else would be so perennially strange as the cheering at a match with Yale, or as the editorials in the *Crimson* commanding men, in the name of patriotism, to stand idle on Jarvis for an hour every day, encouraging the eleven at its practice. The thing has a comic side." The writer thinks that "fifty years hence Harvard will be too big for patriotism of such a kind." We always thought that loyalty to college and to university was pretty strong in England, but as far as Heidelberg is concerned, we must say that our way of getting rid of surplus enthusiasm, however "comic," is preferable to the absurd duels which are the expressions of the rivalry of the Korps. Furthermore, if we may judge from the cheering we heard from the thousands on the Harvard stand at Springfield, Harvard loyalty is still a trifle "feverish," and good for many years of life. There is nothing like a taste of victory to arouse enthusiasm and spoil theories. The verse of the month is good, and we print some of the shorter poems:

THE SERPENT'S SECRET.

I know a secret, such a one
The hawthorn blossoms spider-spun,
The dew-damp daisies in the grass
Laugh up to greet me as I pass
To meet the upland sun.

It is that I would fainer be
The little page on bended knee,
Who stoops to gather up her train
Beneath the porch-lamp's ruby rain
Than hold a realm in fee.

It is that in her scornful eye
Too hid for courtly sneer to spy,
I saw, one day, a look which said
That I, and only I, might shed
Love-light across her sky.

I know a secret, such a one
The hawthorn blossoms spider-spun,
The dew-damp daisies in the grass
Laugh up to greet me as I pass
To meet the upland sun.

—*Harvard Monthly*.

SONNET.

When I consider how my days are spent
 In empty idleness or foolish cares;
 How to mere nothings all my time is lent;
 How youth glides by, nor aught is sown but tares;
 How pleasures melt and vanish on the tongue,
 Nor hide grief's bitter taste that still remains;
 How black Despair, whose bow is ever strung,
 With Hope's young blood his arrows ever stains;
 How things deemed precious oft are worthless dross,
 And men deemed wise, of folly's maddest brood;
 How greatest gain proves oftentimes saddest loss,
 And wolfish Evil dons the fleece of Good;
 Distracted, then, my faith, joy, hope, do flee;
 But, Love, I find them aye again in thee.

—*Yale Courant.*

GUIDO'S MADONNA..

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

Shut in

By midnight darkness, lo! a maiden kneels;
 From out far heaven, a white light softly steals
 To touch her face, that face unmarred by sin.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" Within

Her eyes are deeps of holy calm.

No warning din

Of coming troubles breaks the hush of night.
 She only knows the Lord of Hosts hath said
 The Lord hath bowed Him to her low estate.
 Though darkness dim her eye, in him is light.
 Upon her head His blessing hand is laid;
 Enough for her to trust in Him and wait.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

SEASONABLE.

What matters it though clouds are drear
 And summer flees away,
 When one sweet smile of yours, my dear,
 Makes bright the live-long day—
 Though all the birds have southward flown,
 And sombre are the skies,
 Yet I can hear your voice, my own,
 And see your bonny eyes!

So what care I for season's change
 When I care but for you!
 I'll let some Providence arrange
 What I could never do!
 And be content day after day
 With what the fates may bring,
 For with you hardships would be gay
 And dreary autumn, spring!

—*Trinity Tablet.*

SOUL BLIND.

Dead to all the airy blue above,
Dead to all the ways of hallowed love,
Dead to higher art and higher thought,
Dead to all that is not sold and bought,
Dead to all the onward impulse of mankind,
Soul-blind! Soul-blind!

—*Harvard Monthly.*

QUESTIONING.

What is the meaning of life, I pray,
Ye who stand 'neath the twilight gray.
Ye who have quaffed the wine of gold,
Speak! doth the emptied goblet hold
Dregs of bitterness, or a gem
Meet for some kingly diadem?

What is the meaning of pain, I pray,
Ye who have known its ruthless sway?
A priceless gift from the Hand of One
Who walked with pain till the work was done,
And God in His love revealed, or e'en
The child of our sin and all unclean?

What is the meaning of love, I pray,
Ye who kiss in the warm, sweet May?
A flower that shall grow a shining star,
And lead your souls to its light afar,
Or a blossom born 'neath Spring's glad light
To droop and die in the Autumn night?

What is the meaning of death, I pray,
Ye who have passed the veil of gray!
A shadowy sleep that shall still the heart,
When the crimson and gold of dreams depart,
Or the glad revealing and wondrous grace
Of the truth that lies in the Saviour's face?

—*Wellesley Prelude.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

LYRICS FOR A LUTE. BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

A volume of verse from Frank Dempster Sherman scarcely needs a review. His charming lyrics have become so familiar through the pages of our leading literary periodicals, that all lovers of books know just what to expect in such a volume as "Lyrics for a Lute." Frank Dempster Sherman is a philosopher. He enjoys life and his pen teaches others the art. That is why everybody reads the verses that have his name below them. One is sure to find some charming bit of fancy, a delicate touch of sentiment, an appreciative glimpse of nature—something that comes from a gentle and kindly soul, permeated with a true love of books and what they teach. Every man who has been initiated into the Noble Order of Library-Hunters, feels the pleasure of seeing his own thought expressed when he reads:

"Give me the room whose every nook
Is dedicated to a book."

Do we not all pity the man who cannot sit down before his fire of an evening and muse in careless mood,

"A girl to love, a pipe to smoke,
Enough to eat and drink;
A friend with whom to crack a joke,
And one to make me think;
A book or two of simple prose,
A thousand more of rhyme;
No matter then how fast Time goes,
I take no heed of time!"

But one does not understand Sherman who thinks this is his last word. His brightness is the sparkle on the surface; one knows the still deep water is beneath, and does not feel uneasy. We can follow his flights of fancy without reserve, because we know he will always bring us back to the plane of true living. His publishers have given us a neat and tasteful volume worthy of the poems it contains.

STRANGERS AND WAYFARERS. BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. \$1.25.)

There come moments in the life of every faithful worker when it seems no less a delight than a duty to forget the past, to unshoulder the burdens of the present, and, in the temporary lull, to gather strength

for the future. And yet no one, though he fold his arms and rest his slippered feet against the fender, can chase the thoughts entirely out of his mind, careworn and weary as he may be. It is change that brings rest, not cessation. The tired mind craves the expulsive power of a new affection rather than a recess of complete indifference. And doubtless it was with this thought in her heart that Sarah Orne Jewett has sent us this band of entertaining "Strangers and Wayfarers." We greet them with delight. Their faces are all smiling or aglow with emotions that we know are true and human. The first who greet us are Widow Tobin and "Jeff'son Briley," two homely, honest characters, who unfold to us the secrets of their "Winter Courtship." "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" is another of those touching characters which we have so often met before—a remnant of one of the grand old families of antebellum days. Then come before us some of "The Town Poor," and the sight of them is a heart-lesson indeed. But we cannot mention all the humorous, dolorous and pathetic faces that greet us in this delightful little book. They are all true, every one of them, and their voices re-echo in our truest hearts. One touching story, "At the Morning Boat," we think sounds the deepest and truest note of all. If one wishes to enjoy these stories to the utmost he should not take them in rapid succession, but one at a time, as his mood calls for the sympathetic voices of the "Strangers and Wayfarers."

WALFORD. BY ELLEN OLNEY KIRK. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.)

The story of "Walford" is a delightful series of scenes and incidents in the history of two prominent families of an old Connecticut town. The thrilling, fascinating power of the tale lies in the disappearance and apparent recovery of the little three-year old girl. All the descriptions in the story are well wrought out. We can almost see the joyful mother as she watches the recovered child playing by the water's edge. The overpowering reaction when she finds that this child is not her own, and, following this, the returning and increased love for the yearning stranger. We feel, however, throughout the book that the author is attempting to be too realistic, in the derogatory meaning which the word has acquired. In places the phrasing becomes stilted and unattractive. The conversations, so often natural, descend occasionally to a stereotyped sentimentalism. Another feature that mars the effect is the overdrawn characterization. There is a continual struggle to depict a strong character. It is visible in the portrayal of Spencer and Roger Rexford. The attempt is unsuccessful, as the writer herself admits. We are less impressed with the character of Rexford Long. He is by no means the hero of the tale, but he gains and holds our admiration by his stability of purpose and unselfishness in preferment of others. The author has given us in Amy Standish another illustration of ardent

advocacy of humanitarian schemes for society's purification. It is an indication, we hear it said, of realism. If every outcome of personal ambition, looking to the elevation of mankind, were as satisfactory as the one which "Walford" describes, philanthropy might become a popular profession. "Walford" will be read with unwavering interest, because it deals with people and types of character which meet us at every turn.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND THE STRUGGLE OF PROTESTANTISM FOR EXISTENCE. BY C. R. L. FLETCHER, M.A. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This volume is the second of the Heroes of the Nations Series. In the great conflicts of the Reformation there is no character more prominent nor fuller of dramatic interest than Gustavus Adolphus. When the seemingly interminable struggle of the Thirty Years' War had prostrated Germany, and the Protestant cause seemed lost, his sudden advent changed the whole complexion of affairs. He defeated the savage troops of Tilly, and, pushing into the south of Germany, made the Catholic League powerless. For a year he was the leading figure in Germany, and then at Lutzen he struck a final blow in his brilliant defeat of Wallenstein, and fell. There is the fascination of uncertainty about his character. With some he is the ambitious aspirant to the rank of King of Rome; with others he is the noble-hearted hero who said to his Queen before Lutzen, "Think not of me, think of the cause." Mr. Fletcher has given us a charming sketch of his life, and his connection with the struggle of Protestantism for existence. The style is clear, finished and delightfully unassuming. The balance between the biographical element and the historical relations of Adolphus is admirably maintained. Mr. Fletcher does not profess to have done much original investigation, but from a mass of rather indigestible material he has gathered the facts concerning this hero of the Reformation and presented them in a most interesting and attractive form.

SWITZERLAND. BY LINA HUG AND RICHARD STEAD. \$1.50. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The history of the little Republic of Switzerland should be peculiarly interesting to the citizens of her great sister State on this side the water. We have been so absorbed in our own struggle for liberty, and in tracing its origins in English history, that the tendency has been to lose sight of the achievements of freemen in other parts of the world. Holland is nearer, and the heroic struggles of the Dutchmen have already been recognized, but the gallant little Republic in the Alps has not received due attention. The fact remains that she is the pioneer of liberty in Europe, and in her long contests with despotism has shown a tenacity of purpose, a love of liberty and a valor in war that rivals the proudest

annals of the Low Countries and the Thirteen Colonies. The authors of this volume have written in the spirit of its predecessors in the Story of the Nations Series. They have endeavored to make their work interesting to the general reader, and have given us in a clear and attractive form the outline of Swiss history. The special feature of the book is in the introductory chapters. Instead of beginning, as has been rather the precedent in Swiss histories, with the League formed upon the death of Rudolf, in 1291, between Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden, the first chapter is devoted to the Lake Dwellers. The Helvetians are then taken up and the history of the country followed under Roman rule, through the Empire of Charlemagne, until finally Switzerland emerges as a nation. The illustrations are more numerous in this volume than in the preceding ones of the series and add much to its attractiveness.

TABULAR VIEWS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. COMPILED BY G. P. PUTNAM, A. M., AND CONTINUED TO DATE BY LYNDY E. JONES. \$1.75. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This series of chronological records was first compiled by the late George P. Putnam, and was part of his cyclopedia on "The World's Progress." Mr. Jones has revised it with much care, carried it on to the end of the year 1889, and it is now published in a separate form. Its arrangement of parallel columns is such as to assist the memory by association of ideas, and thus to make the book invaluable to the student and teacher of history. A middle course has been adopted regarding the much-disputed Egyptian and Hebraic chronologies. Some occurrences in the beginnings of history which have commonly-accepted, but evidently erroneous, dates have been omitted. Excellent discrimination has been exercised in the selection of the facts and events of modern times which find place in these tables. It is with utmost confidence that we recommend this hand-book to our readers.

CIVILIZATION. AN HISTORICAL REVIEW OF ITS ELEMENTS.
TWO VOLS. BY CHARLES MORRIS. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & Co.)

In the preface, the author states his purpose to set forth not a history of civilization, but rather "an outline view of its elements, with some attempt to set forth the philosophy of human progress, and indicate the evolutionary steps by which the world of man has passed upward from primitive savagery to modern enlightenment." Very well has he succeeded in his purpose. He seems to have made a careful study of the many authorities cited, and has written a book that is quite up to date, as far as most theories of history and society are concerned. Yet one must not fancy that the book is lacking in original touches. Although the book is intended to be of service to those who do not have the time or opportunity to specialize in the topics treated and is therefore largely

a compilation, the author draws his own conclusions, and, particularly in the second volume, expresses decidedly original opinions. Mr. Morris traces the differentiation of the parts of civilization, which was so simply organized in its beginnings, and shows us those parts both in their singleness and in their mutual relations. In discussing the "Development of the Modern State," the author finds the germ in the Aryan Village Community, and traces its growth through the City-State of Greece and Rome, through Feudalism and absolute monarchies to the constitutional governments of to-day. One of the best chapters in the first volume is that upon "Religion as a Political Agency," which shows plainly the part played by the Sacerdotal powers in every age. In the second volume, the chapter on "The Wealth of Nations" is a running treatise on Political Economy, non-technical and easily understood. Perhaps the best chapter in this volume is entitled "Modern Literary Development." The key-note of modern literature, the author says, is "Aspiration," and it is that which distinguishes it from the literatures of Greece and Rome. In the concluding chapter Mr. Morris looks to the future and fears the influence upon civilization of the love of gold dominant in this age. But he has hope, and he finds it in the development of intellectual influence and the sentiment of human sympathy, which will counterbalance the money-lust. Mr. Morris has a style of his own with some peculiarities, one of which is his fondness for certain odd words, such as "unfoldment." A reading of this work will convince anyone of its value.

THE TWO LOST CENTURIES OF BRITAIN. BY WM. H. BABCOCK.
(PHILADELPHIA: THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.)

There is a time in the life of every nation when its history is clouded in a fog of uncertainty, when tradition and fact are closely allied and almost indistinguishable. It is usually that period which precedes the transitional time when the records are written in sand and punctuated in stone, and names and deeds must form the nucleus of historical sequence. In "The Two Lost Centuries of Britain," Mr. Babcock has invaded the realm of just such a period, a realm filled with all the glamour and attraction of poetical tradition. As he says, "This proved an arduous undertaking, but not without a charm." Mr. Babcock has given this charm to his work, and, although on its face research and care in sifting the materials at his command are evident, yet the effect of a well-directed imagination is everywhere shown. It is more of a literary picture than a chronological investigation. He begs not to be regarded as being contradictory from "incurable perversity," and says, "One would wish to stand well with the most reliable audience." He confesses that he owes much to "fancy and real tradition." The book is written in such a charming and literary style that the pleasure one derives from reading something unique is much enhanced.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE. BY T. BUCHANAN READ. ILLUSTRATED. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.)

Nothing is more dear to the lover of stirring poetry than a book whose fine illustrations make more vivid the martial lines of "Sheridan's Ride." The J. B. Lippincott Company has issued no more pleasing book this season. The one before us contains eight full-page illustrations, in the best style of the art. Especially fine in conception is the one—

"And then, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the wings of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight."

The book makes a very attractive holiday gift, and one that can hardly help carrying with it pleasant thoughts of the donor.

WENDELL PHILLIPS: THE AGITATOR. BY CARLOS MARTYN, D.D.
\$1.50. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS.)

This is the first volume of "American Reformers," a series of twelve biographies, edited by Dr. Martyn. If this volume is a measure of those that are to follow, the series will surely be a marked success and will be of great value. Biographies are not always interesting, but the writer of this one seems indeed to have "dipped his pen in his heart for ink," and has drawn a picture so instinct with sympathy that our attention never flags. "Wendell Phillips was a citizen of the Twentieth century, sent as a sample to us of the Nineteenth." "He was the first and greatest American agitator." He was a hero, ever sounding a call to action against some mighty wrong. There was no suspicion of selfishness in his great work; gold had no glitter for him and political preferment was ever firmly declined. Dr. Martyn traces Phillips' career from his boyhood. He came of proud Puritan stock, to which belonged the Phillipses who founded the great academies at Andover and Exeter. His parents were wealthy, and at Harvard Phillips was a leader in the aristocratic set, with thoughts far from the self-sacrificing future before him. At last came the awakening, and the great leader took his place on the side of freedom in the "irrepressible conflict." One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that which sets forth the system and theories of his rôle as agitator. Another is that which tells of his "Egeria"—his wife. Then after the victory was won we read of his further work—for negro suffrage, for the cause of temperance and the rights of labor. So to the very end, when just before he crossed the line he made a plea for the Alaskan Indians. The book gives three of his speeches in full: "The Lost Arts," "Daniel O'Connell," and "The Scholar in a Republic." These have never before been published in book form. America has long mourned for Wendell Phillips and has waited in vain for another son like him.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE. BY REV. A. M. COLTON. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON COMPANY.)

A compilation has been made by the brother of the author of a few addresses, reminiscences and humorous incidents, published or recited at various times. They are bright, witty, suggestive. At one time he lets his memory play around old half-hidden acts and scenes of boyhood—the village green, the meeting-house, the village celebration, when “training-day” arrived. A bit of genealogical history is enlivened by humorous touches here and there. And then he falls to moralizing. Eighty years have gone, “the sweep of the century, and *such* a century!” But he passes on to eulogize, it may be immortalize, Massachusetts divines of fifty years ago. Terse and striking are his comments—to commend or condemn. His “few touches” are perhaps the most marked in genuine humor, sometimes stinging, but always with a purpose. He characterizes men and customs in ringing sentences. Very often his ideas do not take the form of sentences—they are only statements bold, unadorned, but pregnant with meaning.

The last article in the collection is an address on the “Power of Habit.” He has left the breezy, gliding style of former essays and comes to solid reasoning. Yet the same striking individuality—the charm of his writings—holds our attention, and as he argues and admonishes, we know that a master is handling the subject.

IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD? A NOVEL. BY HELEN H. GARDNER. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

This is a terribly realistic novel. The very first chapter gives us a shock. It is the story of three graduates of Harvard—a study of the effect of college temptations upon their lives. It does not lay stress upon the fact of their college experiences, except in so far as they are a type of the things which young men meet and are influenced by. The one young man, Fred. Harmon, is Boston bred, one “of the fastidious, rapid world, which keeps its church pew, its English cob and its opera box quite as a matter of course.” “Good form” is his only standard of morality, and to him vice is all right if kept quiet. He was betrothed to a beautiful girl, but her father thoroughly understood Harmon, and treated him to some vigorous Western talk, which was not all in “good form,” perhaps. Finally Harmon marries an artificial girl of his own set, and enters the Episcopal ministry. Preston Mansfield was a Western boy, whose father led a double life, and almost forced his son into sin. But in all his wild life he ever hates a lie, and the day comes when he heaps terrible curses upon the unnatural father who had wrecked his life. The third fellow, Harvey Ball, comes from college clean hearted, and is a ray of light in this story. There is nothing sanctimonious about him. He is possessed of the wholesome morality of common sense. This is not a book for children. It states plain truths, and teaches a

plain lesson. It comes very close to any college man who has kept his eyes open. When we finish we may say, not "Is this your son, my Lord," but "Is it I? Is it I?" The story has its defects. At times it is decidedly unnatural, and the wickedness of men is magnified as one would expect to find it in a novel of this sort written by a woman.

THE ANNALS OF TACITUS. I-VI. EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND INDEXES. BY PROF. WILLIAM FRANCIS ALLEN. (BOSTON: GINN & COMPANY.)

Professor Allen had almost completed this work when Death called him. All but the indexes are substantially as he left them, and they make a valuable work, which lives after him. "The Annals of Tacitus" deal with an interesting period of Roman history. The Golden Age of Augustus was past, but the power of the Empire was at its highest, and history was making fast. In his introduction Prof. Allen outlines the life and writings of Tacitus, gives a just estimate of the character of the stern and unhappy but thoroughly imperial Tiberius, and explains very ably the administration-system of the Empire. It concludes with a thoughtful criticism of the language and style of Tacitus, whose Latinity is very different from that of Cicero, who wrote 150 years before him. The text of this volume is based upon that of Halm's fourth edition of Tacitus (Leipsic, 1882). The notes are placed at the bottom of the page and are quite full, paying little attention to grammatical questions belonging to a more elementary work. The Index of Proper Names is helpful.

CICERO'S LETTERS. EDITED BY PROF. A. P. MONTAGUE. \$1.00. (PHILADELPHIA: ELDREDGE AND BROTHER.)

The place that has been given to Cicero's Letters in the college curriculum warrants the publication now before us. A commentary on the varied expressions and references of Cicero in his familiar and formal letters has been a long-felt need. Mr. Montague prefaces the text with an introductory, explanatory section, in which he mentions the discovery of the letters by Petrarch, comments on their historical value as affording us an insight into the inner life of the Republic, and discusses Cicero's style as it finds exhibition therein. An estimate of the great Roman's character is drawn from these epistles. The discriminating judgment shown in the collation and presentation of these facts is excellent. We like the brief synopses that precede the separate chapters. They give the student his text in a nutshell. The explanations and grammatical interpretations in the notes are excellent and very acceptable. Chase and Stuart's classical editions are always attractive. Neatness and clearness are the marked features of the text itself; conciseness and brevity, of the exposition and treatment.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT ON THE STATISTICS OF RAILWAYS
IN THE UNITED STATES TO THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE
COMMISSION. (WASHINGTON: GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.)

Mr. Edward A. Moseley, Secretary of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, kindly sent us this volume of statistics. It needs no description. It gives us a complete view of the wonderful railway system of the United States, and will be valuable to any economist who undertakes the subject of transportation. We do not hear so much of the Inter-State Commerce Commission as we did a while ago. The commission seems to be working faithfully within the scope of its much-limited powers, but is able to accomplish so little that its work attracts little attention. Now that we have established the principle of State interference with railroads why not go a step farther, and put the government in absolute control of the railway system? Economic changes seem to be looking in that direction, and we believe that such control is practicable and desirable.

A SISTER'S LOVE. BY W. HEIMBURG. TRANSLATED BY MARGARET P.
WATERMAN. 75c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

This is a most exquisite love story. It is marked by the absence of that irrelevancy of details which characterizes the majority of German novels. A brother and a sister early orphaned have lived only for each other. Love for another comes into the life of each; the sister, for her brother's sake, rejects her lover, while the brother, when his turn comes, puts his love for his sister second to his love for his wife. There are two excellent studies of character in Anna Maria von Hegewitz, the sister, and Susanna, the wife. The proud, active, "duty-bound" Anna Maria is just the opposite of the graceful, delicate, irresponsible Susanna, who, in all her fickleness and childishness, exerts an irresistible fascination over those about her. Anna Maria, after being long misunderstood, and accused of heartlessness, is revealed in all her real loving nature, and finds happiness at last.

A RUSSIAN COUNTRY HOUSE. BY CARL DETTER. TRANSLATED
FROM THE GERMAN BY MRS. J. W. DAVIS. 50c. (NEW YORK:
WORTHINGTON Co.)

Novels by Russians and about Russians are very popular just now. We have before us a novel which attracted considerable attention in Germany where it first appeared. It is the story of a Russian family, upon all of whose marriages a curse had been pronounced, and seemed to have fatal power. From the very wedding-day trouble and unhappiness followed the scions of this house. The story is based upon certain diaries and other papers collected by one of the last of the house, an old maid, who avoided the curse by avoiding marriage. The story has

many passages of tragic interest, and gives a good view of Russian society in the time of the Empress Catherine. The story is not marred by the diary-form in which much of it is cast.

WORTHINGTON'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. EDITED BY ANNIE COLE CADY. ILLUSTRATED. 50c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

This is the second volume in the Worthington Co.'s "Our Boy's Library," and should be a welcome gift to any American boy. Although there is nothing original in the matter or treatment, the story of our country is told in such a simple, straightforward way that it cannot fail to be intelligible and interesting to the boys for whose reading it was written. The interest is heightened by clear print and good illustrations. The publishers deserve credit for giving the boys something so substantial and elevating in these days of juvenile trash.

THE SHADOW OF ROGER LAROQUE. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES MARY. 50c. (NEW YORK: CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

This novel having as its foundation-stone the most ideally fervent love of a daughter for her father and a wife for her husband of which it is possible to conceive, is undoubtedly a powerfully story, full of dramatic interest, but also so terribly ghastly in its details that the mind of the ordinary reader shrinks from a realization of its conceptions. The lower morality of the French system must be the excuse for the compromising situations which seem to our sense so abnormally far from the reality. It was in a dramatization of this novel, under the the name of "Roger Le Honte," that Mr. William Terriss made such a hit last year.

NOTES.

The steadily growing demand for the "Appeal to Pharaoh," has determined the publishers (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of New York), to issue an edition in paper covers, and to announce the name of the author, who is Mr. Carlyle McKinley, an editorial writer on the *Charleston* (S. C.) *News and Courier*. The main features of this remarkable little book are: its clearness and simple strength of style, its able grouping of historical elements, and its exceeding suggestiveness and power to stimulate thought on the subject of which it treats—the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated.

Scribner's Magazine for the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:

Sir Edwin Arnold contributes to the December number the first of a series of four "Articles upon Japan," its people, its ways and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for *Scribner's Magazine*, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent "Japanese Festival" will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum.

Henry M. Stanley has prepared for the January number an important article upon "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest." Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent "African Exhibition" held in London. Both papers will be amply illustrated.

"The Wrecker," a serial novel by Robert Lewis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story, by Frank R. Stockton, will also appear.

Prof. James Bryce, M.P., author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of "Four Articles upon India," embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-ending interest.

"Ocean Steamships" will be the subject of an important series somewhat upon the lines of the successful railroad articles. "Passenger Travel," "The Life of Officers and Men," "Speed and Safety Devices," and "Management," are some of the subjects touched upon and illustrated.

"Great Streets of the World" is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on "Broadway," will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on "Piccadilly," London; "Boulevard," Paris; "The Corso," Rome.

The price of *Scribner's Magazine* admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once. \$3.00 a year. 25 cents a number.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, 743-745 Broadway, New York.

The Century magazine is now so well known that to tell of its past success seems almost an old story. The *New York Tribune* has said that it and its companion, *St. Nicholas for Young Folks*, issued by the same house, "are read by every one person in thirty of the country's population," and large editions of both are sent beyond the seas. It is an interesting fact that a few years ago it was found that seven thousand copies of *The Century* went to Scotland,—quite a respectable edition in itself. The question in England is no longer "Who reads an American book?" but "Who does not see the American magazines?"

A few years ago *The Century* about doubled its circulation with the famous War Papers, by General Grant and others, adding many more readers later with the Lincoln History and Kennan's thrilling articles on the Siberian Exile System. One great feature of 1891 is to be "The

Gold Hunters of California," describing that remarkable movement to the gold fields in '49, in a series of richly illustrated articles written by survivors, including the narratives of men who went to California by the different routes, accounts of the gold discoveries, life in the mines, the work of the vigilance committees (by the chairman of the committees), etc., etc. General Fremont's last writing was done for this series. In November appears the opening article, "The First Emigrant Train to California," crossing the Rockies in 1841, by General Bidwell, a pioneer of pioneers. Thousands of American families who had some relative or friend among "the Argonauts of '49" will be interested in these papers.

Many other good things are coming. The narrative of an American's travels through that unknown land Tibet (for 700 miles over ground never before trod by a white man); the experiences of escaping war prisoners; American newspapers described by well-known journalists; accounts of the great Indian fighters, Custer and others; personal anecdotes of Lincoln, by his private secretaries; "The Faith Doctor," a novel, by Edward Eggleston, with a wonderfully rich programme of novelettes and stories by most of the leading writers, etc., etc.

It is also announced that *The Century* has purchased the right to print, before its appearance in France or any other country, extracts from advance sheets of the famous Talleyrand Memoirs, which have been secretly preserved for half a century—to be first given to the world through the pages of an American magazine. All Europe is eagerly awaiting the publication of this personal history of Talleyrand—greatest of intriguers and diplomats.

The November *Century* begins the volume, and new subscribers should commence with that issue. The subscription price (\$4.00) may be remitted directly to the publishers, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York, or single copies may be purchased of any newsdealer. The publishers offer to send a free sample copy—a recent back number—to any one desiring it.

CALENDAR.

Oct. 31st.—Foot-ball; Princeton vs. Columbia Athletic Club, at Washington. Score, 60 to 0.

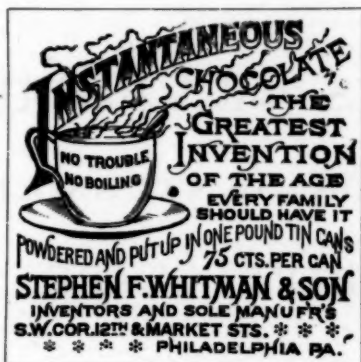
Nov. 1st.—Princeton vs. University of Virginia, at Baltimore. Score, 115 to 0.....Princeton '94 vs. Hill School, at Pottstown. Score 44 to 0.

Nov. 4th.—Foot-ball; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Berkeley Oval. Score, 85 to 0.

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Nov. 5TH.—Stinnecke Scholarship awarded to Jesse B. Carter, of New York.....B. V. D. Post was given honorable mention.

Nov. 8TH.—Foot-ball; Princeton vs. University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. Score, 6 to 0.....Princeton, '94 vs. Pennington, at Penning-

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ton. Score, 10 to 6.....Phillips-Andover vs. Exeter. Score, 16 to 0.....
Shoot of University Gun Club, on home grounds. Gladwin, 91, best
shot; Spruance, second.

Nov. 11TH.—Freshman Class meeting; officers elected: President, T.
F. Bailey; Vice-President, Ralph Ramsdel; Secretary and Treasurer, H.

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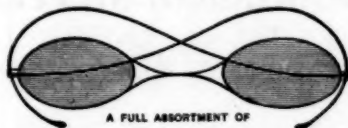
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NOVEMBER 15TH.—Foot-ball. Princeton vs. Wesleyan, at Eastern Park; score, 46 to 4.

NOVEMBER 19TH.—Whig Hall Oratorical Contest. H. McNinch, first; C. E. Rhodes, second.

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NOVEMBER 20TH.—Glee Club Concert at Queenston.

NOVEMBER 21ST.—Clio Hall Senior Essay Contest. First prize, A. P. Dennis, Md.; second, J. H. Dunham, N. J.

NOVEMBER 22D.—Foot-ball. Harvard vs. Yale, at Springfield; score, 12 to 6.

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NOVEMBER 24TH.—Meeting of Lawrenceville Club. H. McNinch, President; W. R. Deemer, Vice-President; L. R. Gresham, Treasurer.

NOVEMBER 26TH.—Foot-ball. University of Pennsylvania vs. Wesleyan; score, 16 to 10.

NOVEMBER 27TH.—Foot-ball. Final Championship game. Yale vs. Princeton, at Brooklyn; score, 32 to 0.

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NOVEMBER 28TH-29TH.—Second Annual Convention of the College Association of the Middle States and Maryland was held in Murray Hall, Princeton.

NOVEMBER 29TH.—Foot-ball. Harvard '94 vs. Yale '94; score, 14 to 4.

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WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom, has removed from our number William H. English, of the class of '94, and

WHEREAS, During his brief stay among us he made many warm friends and won the respect of all who met him; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, his classmates, do tender to his sorrowing family and friends our heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to his family, and published in the *Princetonian*, the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE* and an Elizabeth paper.

E. J. RUSSEL,
A. T. DAVIS,
G. H. FORSYTH,
Committee.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, November 17th, 1890.